

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY EVENING
At No. 16 Merchants' Exchange.

BY JUSTIS PRISCOTT & CO.

Terms.—Three Dollars a year, payable in advance.
Four Dollars when sent out of the United States.

All Letters to receive attention must be forwarded
paid free.

PRINTED BY GARVIN & ROGERS,
No. 21, South Lane.

THE CONSTELLATION.

MOONLIGHT.

How calm the moon pursues her way

Across the azure sea!

The stars retiring, own her sway,

While she profusely sheds her ray

Alike on tower and tree.

The winds and waves are all at rest,

You look but late their sport,

Now lingers with her snow-white crest,

A jewel on the river's breast,

The wandering airs to court.

A dreamy stillness far and wide

Pervades the tranquil scene,

The bosom's jarring thoughts subside,

The full heart yields love's swelling tide

To hush Night's pure Queen.

Thus the bland ray from Beauty's eye

Blames this earthly night,

All things in one effulgent dye,

That range beneath her radiant sky,

Swim in a flood of light.

The troubled mind the charm obeys,

And falls in sweet repose,

And then the buoyant heart in praise

Pours forth its tributary lays,

Forgetting all its woes.

O Woman! to thy magic power

We bend the suppliant knee,

And at the shrine within thy tower,

Devoutly spend our youth's brief hour,

In homage due to thee.

REMARKS—BY ISRAEL ICICLE.

Painting.—In this book-making age, the number of publications that issue from the press is really astonishing. Book follows book, with the rapidity and certainty of the waves that break on the sea shore; and like the wave too, the book which, at the time of its appearance, makes a great noise, or, if you will have it so, a great splash, is almost immediately swallowed up in the deeper tone of its successor. The press, that Briareus with its hundred hands, is constantly in motion, untiring, unceasing and exhaustless. How would the pains-taking monks of yore be struck with astonishment in beholding the operations of this mighty engine! in witnessing what to them was the labor of years performed in a single day—nay, in a single hour! How, too, would their astonishment be increased in perceiving books, and in such vast numbers, scattered abroad in the land, so that knowledge is as free and common to all as the light of the sun or the air we breathe! No monopoly of letters, no burying of learning in caves and monasteries, no withholding of the blessings of education from the common people. To realize these wonders we have only to imagine ourselves in their situation, and even then it is but a faint impression of the reality which the utmost stretch of our minds can possibly picture forth. The effort, however, is not without its advantages, for it will teach us to prize the higher blessings we enjoy.

Early Rising, I hold to be one of the cardinal virtues. The mind and body are both invigorated by the morning air—aye, reader, the mind—your mind would be roused to greater action, and put forth increased energies by the healthful, inspiring exercise and scenes of the morning. The morning! why it is the birth of the day, when all nature is fresh and redolent of sweetness and beauty. How delightful to contemplate the sun mounting above the horizon and shedding its tinted beams aslant on the hill and the wood-tops—the water and the land. How gracefully the mist of the night curls away in all manner of shapes and hues, growing fainter and fainter till it dissolves in airy nothings and blends itself with the clear blue sky. And then that sky, lit up with the effulgent rays of the morning, how does it exalt, and how do the thoughts in its contemplation—so clear

so beautiful and serene, well may it seem the shade of our heavenly benefactor and of the spirits of the blessed. And how delicious is the atmosphere! Oh come, let us inhale it—let us no more slumber away the mornings and lose the richest hours of the day.

SCHOOL-MASTERS.—I consider the profession of a school-master the most liberal and humane, as well as the most important of all the learned profession. The man who can consent to tie himself down, day after day, to the same dull and uninteresting round of exercises—to travel over and over the same course of elementary studies leading his little company of wayward boys, directing their inexperienced footsteps, teaching the way they should go, mending the slothful, reclaiming the wandering, punishing the disobedient, and correcting all the minute little faults and follies as well as checking the larger vices of their nature; he, indeed, deserves the name of benefactor, deserves well of his country and of all mankind, who performs this difficult task with perseverance and fidelity. To him is committed a sacred trust, to fulfill which faithfully, though it may not enroll his name among the great warriors and statesmen of the world, will earn for him a more solid distinction, that of a benefactor of his race, and will identify him with all those who go forth from under his charge to take their rank among the great men of his age.

THE FIRST STEP.—As with the infant in learning to walk, the first step is the one all important, and after the taking of which the others are comparatively easy, so it is in all the subsequent stages of life, in the different pursuits and occupations upon which we may enter—take the first step right, and you will hardly go wrong. Look at the young man, commencing a clerkship, for instance—if he starts with the full determination to be industrious and active, economical and steady, the chances that he will be so, and that he will go on as he begins, are greatly in his favor. The beginning is every thing—habit will soon render easy and pleasant what at first was difficult and disagreeable. Follow the clerk, then, to the time when he enters into business for himself—if he lay down certain rules by which to regulate his conduct—if he resolve to be industrious, honest and punctual to business, and in other respects to pursue that course in dealing and in the management of his affairs which the experience of others has shown to be the correct one, he has then the fairest prospect of success, and he wins the confidence and assistance of all who know him. The first step, as Shakespeare says of the "tide in the affairs of men," if taken rightly leads on to fortune and esteem—if taken wrong, it will demand many a severe effort to retrace it—if ever it be retraced; and if not so done, it hurries on to infamy and ruin.

From Hood's Comic Annual.

THE ISLAND.

If the author of the *Irish Melodies* had ever had a little Isle so much his own as I have possessed, he might not have found it so sweet as the song anticipates. It has been my fortune, like Robinson Crusoe, and Alexander Selkirk, to be thrown on such a desolate spot, and I felt so lonely, though I had a follower, that I wish Moore had been there. I had the honor of being in that tremendous action of Finisterre, which proved an end of the earth to many a brave fellow. I was ordered with a boarding party forcibly to enter the Santissima Trinidad, but in the act of climbing into the quarter gallery, which, however, gave no quarter, was rebutted by the butt end of a marine's gun, who remained the quarter master of the place. I fell senseless into the sea, and should no doubt have perished in the waters of oblivion, but for the kindness of John Monday, who picked me up to go adrift with him in one of the ship's boats. All our oars were carried away that is to say, we did not carry away any oars, and while shot was raining, our feebleailing was unheeded. In short, as Shakespeare says, we were drifted off by "the current of a heady fight." As may be supposed, our boat was any thing but the jolly-boat, for we had no provisions to spare in the middle of an immense waste. We were, in fact, adrift in the cutter, with nothing to eat. We had not even junk for junketing, and nothing but salt water, even if the wind should blow fresh. Famine indeed seemed to stare each of us in the face; that is, we stared at one another, but if men turn cannibals, a great allowance must be made for short diets. We were truly in a very disagreeable pickle, with oceans of brine and no beef, and, like Shylock, I fancy I would have exchanged a pound of gold for a pound of flesh. The more we drifted North, the more sharply we inclined

to enow—but when we drifted South, we found nothing like pork. No bread rose in the east, and in the opposite point we were equally disappointed. We could not compass a meal any how, but got merely month's, notwithstanding. We could see the Sea-mews to the eastward, flying over what Byron calls the Gardens of Gail. We saw plenty of Gannets, but they were useless to all intents and purposes, and we had no bait for catching a bottle-nose.

Time hung heavily on our hands, for our first days seemed to pass very slowly, and our strength was rapidly sinking from being so much adrift. Still we cherished Hope, though we had nothing to give her. But at last we lost all prospect of land, if one may so say when no land was in sight. The weather got thicker as we were getting thinner; and though we kept a sharp watch, it was a very bad look out. We could see nothing before us but nothing to eat and drink. At last the fog cleared off, and we saw something like land right ahead, but alas the wind was in our quarters. We could do nothing but keep her near, and as we could not keep ourselves still, we luckily suited the course of the boat; so that after a tedious bending about—for the wind not only gives blows, but takes a great deal of beating—we came incessantly to an island. Here we landed, and our first impulse on coming to dry land was to drink. There was a little brook at hand to which we applied ourselves till it seemed actually to murmur at our insatiate thirst. Our next care was to look out for food, for though our hearts were full at our escape, the neighboring region was dreadfully empty. We succeeded in getting some natives out of their hole, and ate them, poor things, as fast as they got up, but with some difficulty in getting them open; a common oyster knife would have been worth the price of a sceptre. Our next concern was to look out for a lodging, and at last we discovered an empty cave, reminding me of an old inscription at Portsmouth—"The hole of this place to let." We took the precaution of rolling some great stones to the entrance, the fear of last lodgers—that some bear might come home from business, or a tiger to tea. Here, under the rock, we slept without rocking, and when, through the nights falling, the day broke, we saw with the first instalment of light that we were upon a small desert isle, now for the first time an Isle of Man. Accordingly the birds in this wild solitude were so little wild, that a number of hawks and hodies allowed themselves to be taken by the hand, though the asses were not such asses as to be caught. There was no abundance of rabbits, which we chased unremittingly, as Hunt runs Warren; and when coats and trousers fell short, we clothed our skin with theirs, till, as Monday said, we each represented a burrow. In this work Monday was the tailor, for, like the maker of shadowy rabbits and cocks upon the wall, he could turn his hand to anything. He became a potter, a carpenter, a butcher, and a baker,—that is to say, a master butcher and a master baker, for I became merely his journeyman. Reduced to a state of nature, Monday's favorite phrase for our condition, I found my being an officer fulfilled to office; to confess the truth, I made a very poor sort of savage, whereas Monday, I am persuaded, would have been made a chief by any tribe whatever. Our situations in life were completely reversed; he became the leader and I the follower, or rather, to do justice to his attachment and ability, he became like a stronger big brother to a helpless little one.

We remained in a state of nature five years, when at last a whaler from Hull—though the hull was not visible—showed her mast on the horizon, an event which was telegraphed by Monday, who began saying his prayers and dancing the College Hornpipe at the same time with equal fervor.

We contrived by lighting a fire, literally a feu-de-joie, to make a sign of distress, and a boat came to our signal deliverance.

SALTED PUDDING.

"Too many cooks spoil the broth."

I had been journeying all day with my merry old friend, Uncle Jacob, as every one calls him, and both of us had become completely "periled out." At length we came to a public house, having the sign of the golden ball. "Here," said my droll companion, "we shall find small potatoes, or I lose my guess, for I never had any great opinion of these pumpkin taverns." But, fatigued as we were, indifferent accommodations would be acceptable, rather than to push on further. So, after seeing to our beast, which was pretty well provided for, we called for refreshment for ourselves. We soon found that Uncle Jacob's guessing was not far out of the way, for all the house seemed to be in a state of dishabille. "All slattern and sloshy," said he, as he passed from bar room to the kitchen, "notwithstanding. They pro-

mised to pick us up something to stay our stomachs. It was Saturday evening, and the landlady had commenced the work of making hasty-pudding, according to New England custom. As my companion and I were seated by the bar-room fire, a stout, strapping wench, not the sweetest and most delicate in all the world, brought in a dish of hashed meat, and placing it upon the hearth, left it uncovered. There was a great hall-dog in one corner and three cats in the other. Jowler scented the savoury morsel, and made for the dish. I was about to drive him off, but Uncle Jacob, shaking his head significantly, pushed me back. So the dog commenced operations and soon finished the work, licking the platter clean. Uncle Jacob watched him attentively all the while, and when he had done his meal, he went to the kitchen door, and, all grave as a Presbyterian, he addressed the lady: "Madam, the dog has done, and I suppose it is our turn next?" There was a most terrible hurly burly in the family; and father and mother and daughter were all by the ears! The canine gentleman had disposed of all their fresh meat, and by way of aiding his digestion, Dolly had made him feel the force of one of her ponderous hoofs, and sent him headlong out doors. To ease the matter and comfort our poor hostess, we told her that we could sit down with the family, if she pleased, to a dish of hasty-pudding, which was a favourite of both.

Foody now I waited the enjoyment of this charming Yankee repast. Uncle Jacob, however, was not at all satisfied with the slovenly appearance about the house, and, though now in no fear of the dog, he chose to take a peep into the kitchen, lest all would not go on in so cleanly a style, as our own worthy grandmothers were wont to have it. "John," said the landlady to the boy, "I'm going to run over to Mr. Darby's a minute. Tell Dolly to remember to salt the pudding." But John heard only the three last words, and so administered the salt himself. Next came Dolly, intent on seeing the cookery well attended to, and gave it another seasoning. By and by the mother returned, and the family being all out, concluded nothing had been done as she directed, and so she dashed in another handful, and giving it a hearty stir, went up stairs. Presently the old man came bolting in from the stable. He stood enjoying the smoking mash for a minute and muttered over to himself, "I'll bet a goose there's no salt in it!" and then going to the salt box he took a fist full and shook it into the pudding. "Our turn next," exclaimed Uncle Jacob, as the landlady passed into the bar-room, and in went the fifth handful!

Now, reader, behold us all around the old pine table with each a bowl of milk, and a pan of honey foaming in the centre! All, but the rogue Jacob, anticipated a charming feast. The landlady took the lead. He made out to gobble down one spoonful, when, as soon as his throat was at liberty, he dashed his spoon upon the table with violence, and vociferated aloud, "In the name of Lot's wife, Cape Cod and Turks Island, what have we got here? Who salted the pudding, Doreen?" "Why, why what's the matter, Mr. Blaney? It was I that salted it." "Why, mother," says Dolly, "it was I that salted the pudding!" "Well I know granny told me to salt it, and so I did, by jinks," said the boy. "Gallows take it," cried the old man, "did all salt the pudding?" "What a potter is here! I was determined the business should not be neglected, and so I chucked in a handful." "And I too," said Uncle Jacob, "supposing it to be the custom of the family, followed suit." "O, Flanders and flammation!" ejaculated our host, "what shall be done now? I really felt a sympathy for the disappointed people, and determined to get rid of as much trouble as possible, so I called for the bread and cheese, and with this we made a tolerable supper, washed it down with small beer. I undertook to scold Uncle Jacob, after we retired to lodgings, for carrying his fun to such a pitch; but it was to no purpose. 'I was determined to eat none of their dammyery,' said he, 'and was glad to experience the truth of the old adage, that too many cooks will spoil the broth.'—*Old Colony Memorial.*

A Proper Spirit.—"Sir," said one of two antagonists with great dignity to the other, during a dispute which had not been confined to words, "you have called me a scoundrel and a liar, you have spit in my face, you have struck me twice! I hope you will not carry this any farther; for if you do, you will rouse the sleeping lion in my breast, and I cannot tell what may be the consequence."—*Lit. Gaz.*

The Cholera.—On the 5th, the number of new cases in London was 31; of deaths 30—number of cases remaining, 172.

MISCELLANY.

LOVE.

"The sigh of Love, that silent steals
From young hearts warm and true,
Is sweet as when the Spring reveals
Her roses wet with dew.

The tear of Love, at parting hour,
Is sad;—but, oh! how sweet
When young Affection owns its power
At eve, when lovers meet.

The smile of Love—so fond, so dear,
Pure as the new-star shines;
Bright as the new-born gem appears
In India's rarest mines!

The hope of Love!—oh! he it blest!
For Love of Hope was born;
Hope is the dawn of passion chaste,
And Love the risen morn."

A COURTING EXPEDITION.

We subjoin the second part of the story of Love's Drowning.

"Till they disappeared among the hills, I stood watching them from the bank where they had left me, bareheaded, numbed, and indignant; with the rain still pelting on me, and the ring between my fingers. It was a costly diamond; I pitched it after him with a curse, and bent my weary way towards Knowelhead, a distance of full five miles, in a maze of uncertainty and speculation. She had not told her name, and she seemed to desire a concealment of her residence; her father's conduct more plainly evinced the same motive; many of the heads of the rebellion were still lurking with their families among the mountains of Ulster; the only house in the direction they had taken, at all likely to be the retreat of respectable persons, was the old Grange of Moyabel; and it was the property of a gentleman then abroad, but connected with all the chief Catholic rebels in the North. All this made me naturally conclude that these were some of that unhappy party; and when I considered that both daughter and father had been riding from different quarters to the same destination—for as well as I could surmise from her vague account of herself, she had left the servant, behind whom she had come so far, to wait the arrival of her father, who had promised to join them there, I was able to satisfy myself of their being only on their way to Moyabel; and I therefore determined not to create suspicion by making useless enquiries as to the present family there, but to take the first opportunity of judging for myself of the new comers. But how after such a dismissal introduce myself? Here lay the difficulty; and beyond this I could fix on nothing; so with a heavy heart I climbed the hill before my kinsmen's house, and presented myself at the wide door of the kitchen, just as the twilight was darkening down into night.

I found my host sitting as was his wont; his night cap on his head, his long staff in his hand, and two greyhounds at his feet, behind the fire upon his oaken settle.—"I'm thinkin', Willie," he began as he saw me enter—"I'm thinkin' ye hae catched a wet sark.—Janet, lass, fetch your cousin a dram—nane o' your pipery smellin' bottles," cried he, as she produced some cordials in an ancient liquor-stand.—"Nane o' your add wife's jugs for aye o' my name—fetch something purpose-like; for when my nexoy has changed himself, we'll hae a stoup o' whiskey, and a crack thegither." In a few minutes I was seated in dry clothes, before a bowl of punch and a blazing fire, beside the old gentleman on his oaken sofa. At any other time I would have enjoyed the scene with infinite satisfaction; for the national tippie, in my mind, drinks nowhere so pleasantly as on a bench behind the broad hearth-stone of such a kitchen-hall as my friend's. Our smaller gentry had, it is true, long since betaken themselves to their parlours and their drawing rooms; and the steams of whiskey punch had already risen with the odours of tobacco, and the smoke of seahorse coals, to the damask hangings and alabaster cornices of many high-ceiled and stately apartments. Yet there were still some of the old school, who, like my good friend, continued to make their head quarters, after the ancient fashion, among their own domestics, and behind their own hearth-stone; for in all old houses the fire is six feet at least from the gable, and the space between is set apart for the lonely owner.

It was strange then, that I, who hitherto had so intensely relished such a scene, should be so absent now that it was spread round me in its perfection. The peat and bog-fire before me, and the merry faces glistening through the white smoke beyond; the chimney over head, like some great minster bell (the huge hanging pot for the clapper); the antlers, broad sword, and sporting tackle on the wall behind; the goodly show of fat fitches and brisks around me and above, and that merry and wise old fellow, glass in hand, with an endless store of good stories, pithy sayings, and choice points of humor, by my side; yet with all I sat melancholy and ill at ease. In vain did the rare old man tell me his best marvels, how he once fought with Tom Hughes, a wild Welshman, whom he met in a perilous journey through the forests of Cheshire; how Tom would not let go his grip when he had him down ("whilk was a foul villainy") and how he had to roll into a running water before he could get loose ("whilk showed the savage nature of

thae menseless barbarians.") In vain he told me that pleasant jest, how my grandfather "ance wiled the six excise-men into a lone house, and then gaed in himself, and pyed them through the windows whilk cleared the country-side o' that vermin as lang as auld Redlegs was to the fore." In vain he told me how his old dog Stretcher hunted the black hare from Dunmoss to Skyboe. I left him in the subtlety of the doubles, and in another minute was in the penthouse of clay, the river boiling at my feet, and the rain rushing round my head; but before me were the rich delighted eyes and quickening features of my unknown beauty. Again I bore her through the flood; again I bent over her, and pressed her to my breast, and once more in fancy I had felt the thrill of her returned embrace; once more I had kissed her lips, and once more we had vowed to live or die together, when I was startled from my reverie by a question which the unsuspecting old man was now repeating for the third time. I stammered an excuse, and roused myself to the hearing of another excellent jest; but what it might have been I know not, for the entrance of a young labourer, an old acquaintance of my own, with whom he had business, cut it short. "Aleck," he said, "get ready to set out for the fair upon the morn's e'en; and Aleck, my man, keep yourself out o' drink and fechtin'—and, my bonny man, I'm saving, the next time ye gang a courtin' to the Grange, (I pricked up my ears all at once) see that ye're no t'en for aye o' thae rebel chieft, who, they say, are burrowin' e'en now about the auld wa's as thick as mice in a meal-ark."—"But Aleck," cried old Manse from the corner, "whilk aye o' the lassies are ye for?" This was enough. I watched my opportunity, slipped out to the stable, found Aleck, who had retreated thither in his confusion, and, point blank proposed that he should take me with him that very night, and introduce me to one of the girls at Moyabel, as I longed to have an hour's courting after the old fashion before I left the country. I concluded by offering him a handsome consideration, which, however, he refused; but, sitting down in the manger, began to consider my proposal with such head-scratching and nail biting, as confirmed me in my opinion that there was something mysterious about the family of the Grange. "Master William," said he at last, "I canna refuse ye, and ye gaun awa' maybe never to see a lass o' your ain country again; but ye maun promise never to speak o' whatever ye may see about the house; for, altho' ourselves, there are aye expectin' that this vera night, wha's names wadna canny bear tellin'; and Jeanie trusts me, and I maunna beguile her; but the waters are out, and we will hae a lang and cold tramp through the bogs, sae get a drap o' somethin' for the road, and I'll hae Tam Herron's Sunday suit ready for ye after bedtime. Sae! ye'll mak a braw weaver wi' the beard; and wi' a' your Englisht discousin, ye can talk as like a Christian as ever when ye like.—Nanny will think herself fitted at last; but ye maunna be owre crouse wi' Nanny, Master William." I promised everything; waited impatiently till the family had gone to rest; found Aleck true to his engagement; put on the clothes he had prepared, and we stole out about midnight.

It was pitch dark, but fair and calm; so, with the hopes of getting to our journey's end not wet above the knee, we commenced stumbling and bolting along the great stones and ruts of the causeway; this we cleared without any accident, further than my slipping once into the ditch, and now found ourselves upon the open hill side, splashing freely over the soaked turf and slippery pathway. I was in high spirits, and though squinting the black puddle to my knees at every step, and seeing no more of the road I was to travel on than another one in advance, yet faced onward with great gaiety and good humor. After some time, however, Aleck began snuffing the air, and, with evident concern, announced the approach of a mist, which soon thickened into perceptibility to me also. Our path, which hitherto had swept across sheep grazing uplands and grassy knolls, now began to thread deep rushy bottoms, with here and there a quaking spot of quagmire, or a mantled stream, which I knew by the cold water running sharp below, and by the thick, dull gathering of the weeds about my legs—for the mist made all so dark, that I can only give a blind man's description. The way now became more intricate and broken, but still I followed Aleck cheerily, pushing through all obstacles, and thinking only of the best measures to be taken when we should arrive at Moyabel, when I suddenly perceived that my footsteps were treading down the long wet grass and heavy sedge itself, and that any distinct pathway no longer remained to guide us. I began to doubt Aleck's knowledge of the road, which he still maintained to be unbroken; but the next two steps settled the matter, by bringing us both up to the middle in a running river. We scrambled out without saying a word, Aleck being silent from confusion, and I hearing to increase it by reproaches. He began to grope about for the path we had come by; and finding what he thought our track, pursued it a few steps to the right. I thought I had it to the left, and began to explore in that direction.

"Halloo! where are you now?" I cried, as I missed him from my side. He answered, "Here," from a considerable distance lower down. "Where?" I repeated.—"Hereawa," he answered.—"Hereawa, thereawa, wandering Willie!" I hummed in bitter jollity, as I proceeded in the direction of the voice. "Hereawa, thereawa, hand your way hame," when—squash, crash, bolt, heels over head—plump I went over a brow into a very Devil's Punch Bowl; for bottom I found none, though shot from the bank with the impetus of an

arrow. Down I went, the water closing over me in strata and substrata, each one colder than the other, till I expected to find my head at last clashing against the young ice wedges of a preternatural frost below. I sunk at least fifteen feet before I could collect my energies and turn. I thought I would never reach the top. To it at last I came, spluttering, blown, and fairly frightened. I never waited to consider my course, but striking desperately out, swam straight forward, till I came bump against the bank. I clambered up, and listened. The first sound I could distinguish, after the bubbling and hissing left my ears, was Aleck's voice nearly before me, on the opposite side. He was singing out something between a howl and a halloo; for he also had got into the water, and could not find bottom any where but on the spot he occupied. He could not swim a stroke. There was nothing for it but to go back and rescue him. The unexpectedness alone of my first dip had caused my confusion. That was gone off, and I again plunged resolutely into the river, which I now could discern grey in the clearing mist. A few strokes brought me to where the poor fellow stood, with his arms extended upon the water, and his neck stretched to the utmost to keep it out of his mouth. I knew the danger of taking an alarmed man of greater weight and strength than myself upon my back; and therefore, comforting him with assurances of safety, I tried in all directions for bottom, which at last I found, and having sounded the bed of the river to the opposite side, returned, and with some difficulty succeeded in guiding and supporting him across.

The mist was now rapidly thinning away, and I could distinguish the high bank black against the sky. It was a joyful sight, and induced, by a natural association, the pleasant thought of the comfort in my pocket. I took a mighty dram; then, feeling for Aleck's head, (he had lain down, streaming like Father Nile in the pictures, among the rushes at my feet,) I directed the bottle's mouth to his. He had been making his moan in an under whine ever since I first heard him lamenting his condition on the opposite side; but no sooner did his lips feel the smooth insinuator's presence, than (his tongue being put out of the way) they closed with instinctive affection, and went together when the long embrace was past, with a smothered cheer. Then slowly rising, and stifling a deep sigh as he gathered himself together, "Lord, Lord," said he, "I'm name the waur o' that. But, Master William, to tell the truth, I dinna ken whaur we are. That we hae crossed Glen—water, or the Mill-head burn, or the Marcher's dyke, I'm positive sure; but whilk I'm no just equal to say—but there's something black atween us and the lift; I judge it to be Dunmoss Cairn; let's haud on to it, and we maun soon come to biggit wa's." So saying, he led me forward in the direction of what seemed to me also a distant hill; but being occupied in placing my footsipers, I had ceased to look at it, when all at once there was a crush of leaves about my head, and found myself under a green tree. "When will this weary night of error have an end?" I mentally exclaimed; but was surprised by Aleck taking my hand, rubbing the palm along the rough stem, and asking in an eager tone what I felt? "A damnable rough bark," growled I; "what do you mean?" He cut a caper full three feet into the air. "Here is a pleasant occurrence now—this rascal is drunk—he will roll into the next ditch and suffocate—I shall be the death of the poor fellow—I shall lose—here he broke my agreeable meditations. 'I'll tell you how it was, Master William; Jeanie and I were partners at the shearin'.' ('Evidently drunk,' thought I,) and I canna tell how it was, ('I well believe you—you can not—but 'twas all my own folly,' I muttered,) but I found the maid in a sair fluster that e'en when we parted: ('You'll be in sorer fluster presently if I begin to you—you drunken idiot!' was my running commentary,) and sae just as I came by this auld thorn—"Then you do know where you are—do you?" I cried aloud. "Sure enough," said he; "for didn't I carve my heart wi' Jeanie's heel stuck out through it that very night; and isn't it here to this minute?"—"Oh, ho, lead on, then, in Heaven's name; but tell me where we are, and how far we have to go."—"Why," said he, "the bridge is just a step overby that we ought to hae crossed; and truth, I wunner a dishfu' at myself for no kennin' the black moss and the dolachan's hole that we hae just come through; for I hae cut turf in the aye, and waded in the ither, since I was the bairn o' a peat—but here we are at the end of the causey that will take us to the Grange." We entered on a raised and moated bank, which crossed a mossy flat to the old house; but ere we had advanced a dozen steps, there suddenly appeared a light moving about, and giving occasional glimpses of the white walls and thick trees at the further end; it then came steadily and swiftly towards us; I could presently distinguish the dull beat of hoofs on the greensward, and soon after, the figures of two mounted men.

The sides of the old moat were overgrown with furze and brambles, and we stole into this cover as they approached. The foremost bore the light, was armed at all points, and mounted on a fresh horse. I started with exultation where I lay—he was her father. His companion's black breeches and canting seat proclaimed him a priest. "Another month, good father, and we will be behind the bastions of Belle Isle; were it not for my Madeline's sake, I would make it six; but this bloodhound having been slipped upon us—" The sounds were here lost in the trampling of their horses; I heard the man of masses

mumble something in reply, and they wheeled out of hearing up the rugged pathway to the bridge. "Now mind your promise, Master William," said Aleck, as we rose and proceeded to the house. We soon arrived there; and he led me to a low wing, repeating his cautions, and, in answer to my questions, denying all knowledge of the strangers. Placing me behind a low wall, he now stole forward, and tapped at a window, and presently I heard the inmates moving and whispering. The door was soon opened, and a parley took place, in which I heard my assumed name made honourable mention of by my intruder. He led me forward, pushed me gently before him, and I found myself in a dark passage, soft hands welcoming me, and warm breath playing on my cheek.

The door was closed, and we were led into a wide rude apartment, dim in the low glow of a heap of embers. A splinter of bogwood was soon kindled, and by its light I saw that we had been conducted by two girls. One, who from her attention to Aleck I concluded to be her of the reaping-hook, was a pretty, interesting soft maiden. The other, however, had attractions of a very different class. Fine-featured, dark-eyed, coal-black haired and tall; as she stood, her right hand holding the rude torch over her head, while the left gathered the folds of a long cloak under her bosom, with her eyes of coy expectation and merry amaze, she seemed more the ideal of a robber's daughter in some old romance, than a menial in a moorland farm-house. I attempted to salute her, but she held me at bay with her hand. "Dech, lad! ye're no blate—is it knievin' trouts ye think ye are? But, my stars! ye are as droukit as if ye had been through a' the pools o' the burns! Sit down my jo, till we dry ye; and be quiet till I get a fire." Peats and bogwood were now heaped upon the hearth; and kneeling down upon the broad stone, she began puffing away with her pretty pucker-mouth; partly, I suppose, because there are nobelows in Glen;—and partly, I took it for granted, to afford me an opportunity of kneeling beside and freeing it. The smoke now rose before me in thick volumes, and for a while I lost sight of Aleck and his Jeanie. By and by, however, on raising my head, I started back at seeing a figure the most extraordinary standing at the further end of the apartment. A blanket covered the shoulders; the feet and legs were bare; a red handkerchief was tied about the head; and, strangest of all, although the hairy neck and whiskers argued him a man, yet was he from the waist to the knees clad in a petticoat!

I started to my feet, visions of sleepwalkers and lunatics thronging through my imagination, but was caught hold of by Nanny, who, shaking with suppressed laughter, whispered me, while the tears ran out, and danced upon her long lashes for very fun, that it was only precious Aleck, whom Jamie had clad in her bit wyliecoat, since she dauredna wake the hoose to look for aught else; then, laying her hand upon my shoulder (and the wet ooze from between her fingers), she proposed, with a maidenly mixture of kindness and hesitation, that I should go and do so likewise. I declined, however, parting with more than my coat, for which she substituted a curiously quilted coverlet; then bringing me warm water, insisted on my bathing my feet. I gladly consented; but hardly had I pulled off the coarse stockings, and washed the black soil from my hands, when there began a grievous coughing and grumbling in the room from which the girls had come.

"Lord, haud a grip o' us!" cried Aleck; "it's auld Peg hoastin'—De'il waken her, the cankered rascal! she'll breed a bonny spore gin she finds me here."

"Whisht! whisht!" whispered Nanny, she's as keen as colly'r the logs; and glegger than bauldrons i' the dark."

The labelled Mistress Margaret gave no further time for edumination; slamming open the door, she came down upon us, gaunt, grim, and unescapable—"Ye menseless tawpates! ye lauld cutties! ye wanted limmers! ye—wha's this?" She snatched the light from Nannie's hand and poked it close to my face—"Wha's this? I say, wha's this?"

"Hoos, woman!" cried Nanny, spiritedly, yet with an air of conciliation, "I've bail ye mony a boy has come over the moss to crack wi' yourself when ye were a lassie."

"When I was a lassie!" I thought she would have choked; but her indignation at last made its way up in thunder upon my devoted head.

"Wha are ye? what are ye? what fetches ye sat rin' here? ye!"

Nanny again interposed. "He's just a weaver lad, I tell ye, that Aleck Lowther fetched frae the Langslap Moss to keep him company."

"A weaver lad!" (I had raised my foot to the rim of the tub, and sat with my chin upon my hand, and my elbow on my knee, laughing, to the great aggravation of her anger.) "A weaver lad!—there's ne'er a wabster o' the Langslap Moss wi' siccan a leg as that!—there's ne'er a aye o' a' the cresshy clan wha's shins arena bristled as red as a belly rasher!—there's ne'er a wabster o' the Langslap Moss wi' the track o' a ring upon his we finger!—there's ne'er a wabster o' the Langslap Moss wi' aughten hunner linen in

"Knieving trouts" (they call it tickling in England) is good sport. You go to a stony shallow at night, a companion bearing a torch; then, stripping to the thighs and shoulders wade in; grope with your hands under the stones, sedge, and other harbourage, till you find your game, then grip him in your 'knives,' and toss him ashore.

his sark-frill!—Jamie, ho! Jamie Steenson, here's a spy!

So sudden and overpowering was her examination and judgment, and her voice had risen to such a pitch of clamour, that all my attempts at interruption and explanation were lost; while the screams which the girls could not control when they heard he call in assistance, prevented a reply. One after another, five ruffian-looking fellows rushed in at her call; and ere I could free myself from the importunate exculpations of poor Nanny, they were crowding and cursing round me; while one, apparently their leader, held a lantern to my face, a pike to my throat, and demanded my name and business. That these were one unhappy remnant of the rebel party I could not doubt; if I declared my real name, I might expect all that exasperation could prompt and desperation execute against a disguised enemy in the camp; (for the only one from whom I could expect protection was, as I had seen, beyond my appeal.) Again, to give a fictitious name, and keep up the character of a country weaver, was revolting to my pride, and in all likelihood beyond my ability. Which horn of this dilemma I might have impaled myself on, I cannot tell; for a sudden interruption prevented my answer.

Aleck, who had with difficulty been hitherto restrained by the united exertions of the three women, here burst from their arms, tossed off his blanket, and leaped with a whoop into the middle of the floor—except the short petticoat about his loins he was stark naked. 'I'll twal stane ween—my name's Aleck Lawther—I'll slap any man's ye for four-and-twenty tens!' As he uttered this challenge, tossing his long arms about his head, bounding upright, and cutting like a posture-mast at the end of every clause, while the scanty kilt fluttered and flapped about his sinewy limbs, the men fell back in a panic, as if from a spectre; but their astonishment soon gave place to indignation, and my questioner, clubbing his pike, stepped forward, and making the shaft rattle off the white array of ribs, which poor Aleck's flourish had left unprotected, reduced his proposals to practice in a trice. He, wisely making up for disparity of forces by superiority of weapon, started back, and adroitly unhooking the long iron chain and pot-hooks from the chimney, set them flying round his head like a sling of old; and meeting his antagonist with a clash, shot him rocket-wise into the corner; then giving another whirl to his stretcher, and leaping out with the full swing of his long body, he brought it to bear upon the next. There was another clattering crash, and the man went down, but pitching with his shoulder into the tub, upset it, and sent a flood of water into the fire. Smoke, steam, and white ashes, whirled up in clouds; the lantern was trampled out, and the battle became general: for the rascal, lifting his fallen comrade's pike, (there was luckily but one among them,) advanced upon me. I had just light to see the thrust, and parry it. Another second, and we had closed in the midst of that strange atmosphere, striking and sneezing at each other across the pike shaft, as we each strove to wrest it to himself. My antagonist was a lusty fellow, and tugged me stoutly, while I kept him between me and the main light, now raging through the water and the fire: this I could just distinguish among the vapour and smoke, dashed about in red showers of embers, as each new tramp and whirl of the combatants swept it from the hearthstone. How Aleck fought his two opponents I could not imagine; yet once, during a minute's relaxation on our parts, when, having got the pike jammed between a table and the wall, we were reduced to the by-play of kicking one another's shin-bones, I could hear, every now and again, above the melody of curses and screams, (for the women were all busy,) his lusty "Hah!" as he put in each successive blow; and then the bolt and thud of some one gone down, far away in the distance; or the rush of a capsize among the loose lumber at my feet. But I had no longer an opportunity of noting his prowess; for my antagonist, getting the weapon disengaged, hauled me after him into the open floor, and then began upon the swinging system. So away we went, sweeping down chairs and stools, and rolling fallen bodies over in our course; till tired and dizzy, I suddenly planted myself, let go both holds, and dashing in right and left together, sent him whirling like a comet, impetuous and hot, into the void beyond. But my own head here fell heavily upon my breast; and the whole scene, smoke, fire, and shifting shapes, with all their mingled hissing, and battering, oaths, shrieks, and imprecations, shut upon my senses. [To be continued.]

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN FAST.

The Scottish Guardian asks and thus answers this question, suggested by the recent appointment of a National Fast in the Kingdom.

"To the imagination of many, a national fast presents only the image of a great nation putting on the dogged resolution, from sunrise to sunset, neither to work nor to eat, neither to taste nor to touch—the poor to make a virtue of their poverty—the rich a sacrifice of their luxuries, and by doing penance for a day, to atone for the sins of many years.

If this were any thing like a true representation of a National Fast, we, too, would sit down in the chair of the scorner, and laugh with the merriest at the suggestion which suggested, and the weakness which prompted, the appointment of such a piece of national humbug. But the arrows of wit have on this occasion been aimed at an imaginary object; and all the smart and antithetic things which have been said and

sung in the public journals, have no application whatever to a 'Christian Fast.'

So far from desiring that the approaching solemnity shall be marred by the increased sufferings of the poor, let each family of the rich and middle classes send a double portion from its table to its needy neighbours, and each soup kitchen dole out a larger allowance, that our national Fast may be the poor man's feast, and the abstinence of the luxurious from his abundance. "Is not this thy fast—to deal bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?" When the Pharisee of old is described as fasting it is that he may devour widows' houses, and when he humbles himself, it is at the expense of the groans of the poor, and the orphan's tears—but when the pious Cornelius is described in Scripture as fasting, it is accompanied with prayers and alms, which come up as a memorial of his piety before God.

So far from abstinence being essential to the solemnity, it may be observed, in the most spiritual manner, without any further self-denial than is necessary to that temperance which is the duty of Christians at all times. There is nothing in the mere act of abstinence from food that can commend us to the Searcher of Hearts. We can take no delight in the pain which it inflicts, for in itself it is a natural evil, and is only sanctified by its moral uses. It is but the means to an end, and like all other means, derives its value from its fitness for the end. When told, therefore, that the apostles and primitive Christians fasted in the sense of abstinence—the difference of climate, and the consequent diversity of constitution, teaches his followers that the spirit of such an example may be followed, when the letter is violated. "Hearty eating," says an ancient writer, "in an Asiatic is gluttony, in a European, nature." The abundance of the one would be the austerest fast of the other—and the fast of the Asiatic, so far from leaving the mind of the European more free and unburdened, would indispose him for all serious thought whatever. The approaching solemnity may therefore be most religiously kept throughout the whole extent of Britain, without one individual amongst rich or poor suffering the pains of hunger. Neither if we eat are we the worse, neither if we eat not are we the better, unless we are thereby better fitted for the spiritual duties of the occasion. Humiliation and prayer is the spirit of this solemnity, and if our humiliation be without hypocrisy, our confessions unreserved, and our prayers offered in faith and with holy importunity, our national devotions will come up, like those of Cornelius, as a memorial before God."

DR. CHALMERS' DISCOURSE.

THE NATIONAL FAST.—Dr. Chalmers.—This eloquent divine preached in St. George's Church on Thursday afternoon, from 2d Peter, 3d chapter, and 3d and 4th verses. After some preliminary remarks, Dr. Chalmers observed, that "there is an infidelity abroad that would expunge the doctrine of a special Providence and the efficacy of prayer. As far as our observations extend, nature has always proceeded in an invariable course, nor have we ever witnessed, as the effect of man's prayer, nature diverge from her usual course, but we affirm the doctrine of a superintending Providence as wide as the necessities of man. Grant the uniformity of visible nature, and how little does it amount to! We can discover the first step upwards in the chain of causation, and call it the proximate, or the next, and call it the remote cause; but there are higher events in the train we try in vain to reach, which will ever lie in deepest concealment from our view; and the Deity may, by a responsive touch at the higher end of the chain of events, give efficacy to the prayer of man without the answer being visible to man, which, if the intervention were at the lower end of the chain, would render it a miracle to the eye of man. In this way, the reaction to prayer is at a place higher than the observation of philosophy can reach. All that man can see is but the closing footsteps in the series. The domain of philosophy terminates at that which we can reach by human ken. Beyond this may be termed the region of faith. At this place of supernatural command, the Deity can direct matters as he will, without altering any of the visible laws of the universe." After expatiating at considerable length, with great eloquence and power, on this field, Dr. Chalmers, towards the close of his discourse, proceeded to remark, that "if ever, in the dealings of God, faith had the wider field, and science less, it is in that mysterious visitant which still hangs over us, and in a week or a day may make fell swoop among us. He had rejoiced both in our local and our national fast. It is well that there should be a public—a prayerful recognition of the Deity, along with that admirable use of means and expedients which had been so successfully resorted to in our city. Dr. Chalmers said, it had been remarked, that the study of natural science led to infidelity, but it would be found, that those who had studied it deepest, generally proved the firmest disciples of our Christian faith.—The Lockes and Boyles and Newtons of our country, whilst infidelity stood indebted only to those of a half-learned generation, not to the giants of our literature and science. Dr. Chalmers concluded this splendid discourse by hoping, that this country would be defended from any wild effervescence that might tend to banish good faith and sound philosophy from our shores. We hope the discourse will be published, as one calculated to be eminently useful at the present time. We know no intellectual feast greater than

hearing Dr. Chalmers, and the public seem alive to this, as whenever it is known he is to appear in the pulpit, the church is filled to excess. It is only to be regretted that his appearances are so rare.—Edin. H. Canon.

ADVENTURES ON THE NIGER.

From Landers' Journal.

On reaching Jenné, they find that the King had died lately; that sundry of his wives had hid themselves rather than be buried alive with the dear defunct; that one of them, a very old lady, had been discovered, and had now to make choice between a cup of poison and a blow on the head. Her hesitation and reluctance is well described:—

"A heart that could not be touched at a scene of this nature, must be of an iron make. Females have been coming all day to console with the old lady, and to weep with her; so that we have heard and seen nothing but sobbing and crying from morning till the setting of the sun. The principal males in the town have likewise been here to pay their last respects to their mistress; and so has her grave digger, who has just risen from prostrating himself on the ground before her. Notwithstanding the representations and consolations of the priests, and the prayers of the miserable victim to her gods for forgiveness to undergo the dreadful ordeal, her resolution has forsaken her more than once. She has entered our yard twice to expiate in the arms of her women, and twice has she made the fatal poison in order to take another walk and gaze once more on the splendour of the sun and the glory of the heavens, for she cannot bear the idea of losing sight of them forever. She is still restless and uneasy, and would gladly run away from death if she durst, for the imaginary being appears to her in a more terrible light than our pictures represent him with his shadowy form and fatal dart. Die she must, and she knows it; nevertheless she will tenaciously cling to life till the very last moment. Meanwhile her grave is preparing, and preparations are making for a wake at her funeral. She is to be buried here in one of her own huts the moment after the spirit has quitted the body, which will be ascertained by striking the ground near which it may be lying at the time, when, if no motion or struggle ensues, the old woman will be considered as dead. The poison used by the natives on this occasion destroys life, it is said, in fifteen minutes." i. 93-4.

It may relieve some of our gentle readers to be told, that this sorrowful old matron bribed the chief rulers and head judges, dismissed her mourning relatives and the obsequious grave digger, and is now living in the best house in Jenné. The brothers, having in vain waited for the exit of her majesty, commenced their march for Jaddo. Men were mild of mood—birds of prey more rapacious.

"Hawks and vultures are exceedingly numerous, both at Jenné and this place; the former are bold and disgusting birds, but the latter are so hungry and rapacious, that they pounce fearlessly in the midst of the natives when at their meals. This evening one of them darted at a piece of meat which one of our men held between his fingers, and snatched it from him whilst he was conveying it to his mouth." i. 103.

The Slave Trade still finds victims in that quarter of the world—this was not unobserved of the Landers: "We found numbers of people of both sexes in the path, who were returning from Egga to Chow, and several naked boys on their way to the coast, under the care of guardians. These are slaves, and will be sold most likely at Badagry. Women bore burdens on their heads that would tire a mule, and children not more than five or six years of age trusted after them, with loads that would give a full-grown person in Europe the brain fever." i. 106.

Objects still more touching were not distant—the following is very affecting:—

"Many women with little wooden figures of children on their heads passed us in the course of the morning—mothers who, having lost a child, carry such rude imitations of them about their persons for an indefinite time as a symbol of mourning. None of them could be induced to part with one of these little affectionate memorials." i. 107.

BOSSA.

"The city of Bossa, as we have before observed, consists of a great number of groups or clusters of huts all within a short distance of each other. It is bounded on one side by the river Quorra or Niger, and on the other by an extensive turreted wall, with moats, forming a complete semicircle. * * * The soil of Bossa is, for the most part, very fertile, and produces rice, corn, yams, &c. in great abundance. *Douah*, a kind of corn, is obtained here in the greatest perfection; it yields five hundred fold, and forms the principal food of the inhabitants, both rich and poor. Another variety of corn grows here, which has eight ears on a single stem; the grain is very small and sweet, but it is not cultivated to any extent. The butter-tree flourishes in and near the town; and palm oil is imported from Nouffie; but the latter is only used as an article of food, because it is very scarce and dear, and is purchased only by the king and a few of the principal inhabitants. The king and his midkies have each great numbers of fine cattle, but none of their subjects are in possession of a single bullock; they have, however, flocks of sheep and goats, and obtain immense quantities of fish from the Niger. Very good salt is brought from a salt lake on the borders of the river, which is about ten days' journey to the northward of this place; and pepper grows in every part of the country. Guinea-fowl, pheasants, partridges, and a

variety of aquatic birds are found here in the greatest plenty, and have afforded us excellent sport. The natives sometimes endeavor to shoot them with their arrows, but this method of procuring game is at all times very precarious and difficult; and two birds only have been thus killed during several years past. Deer and antelopes also abound near the city; but they are timid and shy, and rarely, if ever, caught by the inhabitants. The fish, with which the river abounds so plentifully, are eaten by all classes of people; they are tough, dry, and unsavoury; yet they form part of the daily food of the inhabitants, who appear exceedingly fond of them." ii. 9-11.

VISIT TO THE SULTAN OF YAOORIE.

"We soon arrived at the palace, which is a very large building, or rather a group of buildings inclosed by a high wall; and dismounting, we were presently conducted through a low avenue formed by pillars, which was as dark as a subterraneous passage. This led to a large square yard which we entered, and found it to communicate with the sultan's apartments by the number of domestics that were hurrying about. Several people were sitting on the ground, but we were obliged to stand a long time, during which a profound silence was preserved, and no one was polite enough to offer us a mat to sit on. At length we received a summons to advance, and were introduced into another square, very much resembling a clean farm-yard. Here we discovered the sultan sitting alone in the centre of the square, on a plain piece of carpeting, with a pillow on each side of him, and a neat brass pan in front. His appearance was not only mean, but absolutely squalid and dirty. He is a big headed, corpulent, and jolly-looking man, well stricken in years; and though there is something harsh and forbidding in his countenance, yet he was generally smiling during the conference." ii. 37-8.

CITY AND KINGDOM OF YAOORIE.

"Yaoorie is a large, flourishing, and united kingdom. It is bounded on the east by Haussa, on the west by Borgoo, on the north by Cubbie, and on the south by the kingdom of Nouffie. The crown is hereditary, and the government an absolute despotism. The former sultan was deposed by his subjects for his violent measures and general bad conduct; and the present ruler, who succeeded him, has reigned for the long period of thirty-nine years. The sultan has a strong military force, which has successfully repelled it is said, the repeated attacks which the ever restless Falatahs for a number of years past made on the city and kingdom of Yaoorie; it is now employed in a remote province in quelling a rising insurrection, occasioned partly from the inability of the natives to pay their accustomed tribute, and partly from the harsh measures adopted by the sultan to compel them to do so. The city of Yaoorie is of prodigious extent, and is supposed to be as populous as any other in the whole continent, or at least that part of it which is visited by the trading Arabs. Its wall is high and very excellent, though made of clay alone, and may be between twenty and thirty miles in circuit; and it has eight vast entrance gates, or doors, which are well fortified after the manner of the country. The inhabitants manufacture a very coarse and inferior sort of gun powder, which, however, is the best, and we believe the only manufactory of the kind in this part of the country; besides which they make very neat saddles, country cloth, &c.; and they grow indigo, tobacco, onions, wheat, and different kinds of grain; and vast quantities of rice, of superior quality. The inhabitants have likewise horses, bullocks, goats, &c., but notwithstanding their industry and the advantages which they enjoy, they are very poorly clad, have little money, and are perpetually complaining of their bad condition. An indifferent market is held in the city daily under commodious sheds, in which the above articles are offered for sale. * * * * *

"The sultan's residence, as well as the houses of many of the principal inhabitants of the city, are two stories in height, having thick and clumsy stairs of clay leading to the upper apartments, which are rather lofty; and, together with rooms on the ground floor, have door-ways sufficiently large to enable a person to enter them without putting himself to the inconvenience of stooping. The principal part of the houses are built in the circular and coozie fashion, but the inhabitants have a few square ones; and the sultan's are of no regular form whatever. It may be considered somewhat singular that the generality of the natives of western and central, and we believe, also of northern Africa, 'moisten the floors of their huts and the inside of their walls with a solution of cow-dung and water, two or three times a day, or as often as they can find the materials. Though disagreeable to the smell of an European, this keeps the interior of a dwelling as cool as it is dark.' We should have thought that Dr. Johnson, from whom this quotation is taken, was speaking of the native dwellings of this part of the world, instead of those of the East Indies, so exactly does he describe them.

"Between the clusters or assemblages of huts in Yaoorie there is a considerable quantity of fertile land which is left for cattle to graze on, or for the purposes of husbandry and agriculture.

"There is a great variety of trees within the walls of the city, consisting of the lime, the palm, the mi-cania, and the date; but the latter, though it appears very luxuriant, never was known to bear fruit. The palm-tree adorns the banks of the Niger, and increases in quantity the further we advance up the river; yet that variety of it which bears the cocoa-nut is nowhere to be seen, owing, most likely, to the distance from the

sea. For a reason, already given in a preceding part of this Journal, no proper estimation can be formed of the number of inhabitants which Yaorie contains, but it is surprisingly great." ii. 46-9.

WHITECHAPEL NEEDLES.

Speaking of the articles they took for exchange in their travels, they say:

"Amongst them was a great quantity of 'White chapel sharps,' warranted 'superfine, and not to cut in the eye.' Thus highly recommended, we imagined that these needles must have been excellent indeed; but what was our surprise when a number of them which we had disposed of, were returned to us with a complaint that they were all *cytless*, thus redeeming with a vengeance the pledge of the manufacturer, that they 'would not cut in the eye.' On an examination afterwards, we found the same fault with the remainder of the 'Whitechapel sharps,' so that to save our credit we have been obliged to throw them away." ii. 42-3.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, MAY 12, 1852.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

The heated blood within my veins,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal crisis date period
My days to appropriate end.

HEDIRAS.

That fighting a duel does not imply courage, few, we believe, will pretend to deny. That killing one's man does not imply skill, the following may be taken as a case in proof. It was related to us, some years since, as having happened on the northern frontiers, during the last war. But whenever and wherever it happened, the moral is the same.

There belonged to the army a Lieutenant, who was very cowardly; and an Adjutant, who was very supercilious. He treated the lieutenant with great contempt, and especially before his brother officers. Among other modes of expressing this feeling, he used often, when addressed by the latter, instead of answering him gentlemanly, face to face, to give him a supercilious glance over the shoulder.

This behaviour vexed and irritated the lieutenant to such a degree, that he consulted his friends as to some mode of retaliation.

"Why," said they, "the next time the adjutant treats you in this contemptuous manner, you must pull his nose."

"I'll be shot if I don't," said the lieutenant, well pleased with the project, which did not, to his apprehension, involve any idea of gunpowder. Wherefore, coming up to his antagonist the next day, he bade him—"Good morning, Mr. Adjutant!"

The latter treating him with his usual supercilious look over the shoulder, the lieutenant promptly took his nose between the first and second finger, and gave it a prodigious wrench. Well satisfied with this exploit, he went his way, boasting how prettily he had wrung the adjutant's nose. But his feelings of triumph were short, for he was presently served with a challenge.

He was now in more trouble than ever. This was a result he had not looked for; and he again repaired to his friends for advice.

"Wh-wh-what a bloody fellow that adjutant is!" said he in great perturbation—"he's challenged me!"

"Of course," returned his friends coolly—"no military man would allow his nose to be twisted with impunity."

"No!—Why in the name of blood and thunder didn't you tell me of that before? I'd seen the devil had his nose before I'd touched it, if I'd known what was going to be the consequence. But what must I do now?"

"Fight, to be sure."

"What! f-f-fight! I—I-fight! No—no—that'll never do—I shall be shot to a dead certainty."

"As like as not. But it's the business of the soldier, you know, to smell gunpowder."

"Yes—but to feel cold lead!—that's the worst of it."

"Well, better or worse, there's no help for it—the adjutant has challenged you, and fight him you must. They say he's a devil of a fellow on the trigger."

"I'm a dead man then. I wish his nose had been at the north pole before I'd touched it."

As there was no getting off, however, agreeably to honorable code, the lieutenant chose his second and went to meet the adjutant. The combatants took their ground, each with his side towards the other. But such was the tremor of the lieutenant, that, in order to steady his pistol, he held the breach against his hip, and in this manner let fly. The adjutant fell, bored through the loins with a mortal wound. While the trembling lieutenant, scarcely knowing, for a time, whether he was himself alive or dead, escaped unharmed—conveying with him from the field of glory the reputation of an honorable man!

THE IRON TEA-SPOON.

Mr. Editor,—A few weeks since, I gave you an account of our success at the Widow Swatchum's in regard to a bell. I wish I could congratulate myself as well, at the close of my present epistle.

The Widow Swatchum, it must be confessed, is a rare manager. She has beds enough to accommodate fifteen boarders tolerably well—each consisting of a feather-bed and mattress. But if she chance to have thirty boarders, instead of fifteen, the same beds are made to accommodate the whole, by the rule of *division*. Do you understand that, Mr. Editor? It is simply making *two* beds out of *one*, by giving the mattress to one boarder, and the feather-bed to another. But more of that hereafter. At present I will say nothing, except of the iron spoon, wherewith I have headed this article.

At a five-dollar boarding-house it is customary to provide the table with silver tea-spoons. Of these the Widow Swatchum has one dozen and a half. But as she cannot here work by the rule of *division*, it is plain that thirty boarders cannot be accommodated with eighteen silver spoons. She therefore ekes out her number with one dozen of iron ones. These are mingled promiscuously with the silver ones; and sometimes the guest may chance to get one kind, and sometimes the other. But if he should happen to get an iron one every time he is handed a cup of tea or coffee, he would consider that Dame Fortune dealt hardly by him.

This is precisely my case. The iron tea-spoon returns to me "like a bad penny." I verily believe, instead of simply getting it my share, it falls into my cup fourteen times a week. Now this is past all endurance—to pay five dollars a week for board, and to be served with an *iron tea-spoon*!—I grant that what these iron spoons want in preciousness of metal, is amply made up in quantity—they being so heavy, as fairly to lame my arm in stirring my tea.

But, as I said before, by some ill luck or other, I am eternally getting hold of the iron spoon. Sometimes I order the servant to fetch me a silver one—which, if I happen to be among the first at table, I can usually get—but if I come last, then it is Hobson's choice—the iron spoon or *none*. Sometimes I throw it slyly under the table, and then ask Cuffie why he forgot to bring me a tea-spoon.

Upon which Cuffie, looking blue as a stuck pig, will reply—"I thought I brought you one."

"Taught!" I exclaim—"confound your blunders! you ought to be *taught*, and your mistress too."

Besides these modes of avoiding the use of the iron spoon, I sometimes resort to the practice of stirring my tea with my finger. But having got sadly scalded two or three times, I am obliged to relinquish this mode.

It is a comfort, Mr. Editor, to pour out one's grievances, even though we cannot get redress. But do you not think that a man, who pays five dollars a week for his board, should have a silver spoon in his cup?*

Yours ever,

BENHADAD SMITH.

* Ay, verily do we.—Ed.

IDEAS NOVEL, ACUTE, AND PARADOXICAL.

[From Miss Landon's Romance and Reality.]

Dust is just mud in high spirits.

I hold revenge to be a moral duty.

Sleep is a true pleasure, if one had not to get up in the morning.

Fever and agues are the best stepping stones to the hymeneal altar.

We speak ill of our neighbors, not from ill-nature, but idleness; satire is only the cayenne of conversation.

Never did the most passionate grief give way to its emotion in the presence of the dead. Awe is stronger than sorrow: there is a calm, which, though we do not share, we dare not disturb; the chill of the grave is around them and us.

We hate to contradict ourselves, it is so rude.

Like sealing-wax in the juvenile riddle, a blush burns to keep a secret.

A lover may be excused who shivers a little at the transmigration into a husband. It is a different case with a lady—she has always been brought up with the idea of being married. She gains her liberty, but a man loses his.

The prudence of youth is very like selfishness, and the romance of age very like folly.

Considering what an irascible race they were, the reputation of the Saints for patience has been very easily acquired.

Many die of the loss of a beloved object before marriage, but never after. The lover cannot survive the mistress, nor the mistress the lover: but the husband or the wife survive each other to a good old age.

A ghost story is an avalanche, increasing in horror as it goes; and, like an avalanche, one often brings on another.

No thoroughly occupied man was ever yet very miserable.

Habits are the petrifications of the feelings.

Anticipation is a bad sleeping draught.

Hope destroys pleasure.

Sorrow hath no more substance than a sandwich.

DELIGHTS OF A SCHOOL-DISMISSAL.—The correctness of the following sketch, from "Old Mortality," will be recognized both by those who have been pupils, and those who have been teachers, of a village-school. The latter, in an especial manner, will acknowledge its force, so far as relates to themselves:—"Most readers must have witnessed with delight the joyous burst which attends the dismissing of a village-school on a fine summer evening. The buoyant spirits of childhood, repressed with so much difficulty during the tedious hours of discipline, may then be seen to explode, as it were, in a shout, and song, and frolic, as the little urchins join in groups on their play-ground, and arrange their matches of sport for the evening. But there is one individual who partakes of the relief afforded by the moment of dismissal, whose feelings are not so obvious to the eye of the spectator, or so apt to receive sympathy. I mean the teacher himself, who, stunned with the hum, and suffocated with the closeness of the school-room, has spent the whole day (himself against a host) in controlling petulance, exciting indifference to action, striving to enlighten stupidity, and laboring to soften obstinacy; and whose very powers of intellect have been confounded by hearing the same dull lesson repeated a hundred times by rote, and only varied by the various blunders of the reciters. Even the flowers of classic genius, with which his solitary fancy is most gratified, have been rendered degraded in his imagination, by their connexion with tears, with errors, and with punishment; so that the *Eclogues* of Virgil, and *Odes* of Horace, are each inseparably allied in association with the sullen figure and monotonous recitation of some blabbering school-boy."

DYING IN SLEEP.—The following, from Miss Landon's novel of Romance and Reality, is new and striking:—"Mr. Arundel (the uncle of the heroine) had lain down some time. He was asleep—a calm, beautiful, renovating sleep—and Emily sat down by his bedside. The love which bends over the sleeping is, save in its sorrow, like the love which bends over the dead—so deep, so solemn! Suddenly he opened his eyes, but without any thing of the starting return to consciousness with which people generally awake—perhaps her appearance harmonized with his dream. Without speaking, but with a look of extreme fondness, he took her hand, and, still holding it, slept again.

"Emily felt the clasp tighten and tighten till the rigidity was almost painful: she had drawn the curtains, lest the sun, now come round to that side of the house, should shine too powerfully; a strange awe stole over her in the gloom; she could scarcely, in its present position, discern her uncle's face, and she feared to move. The grasp grew tighter; but the hand that held hers colder; his breathing had all along been low, but now it was inaudible. Gently she bent her face over his: unintentionally—for she dreaded to awaken him—her lips touched his; there was no breath to be either heard or felt, and the mouth was like ice. With a sudden, a desperate effort, she freed her hand, from which her uncle's instantly dropped on the bedside, with a noise, slight indeed, but, to her ears, like thunder; she flung open the curtains—again the light came full into the room—and looked on a face which both those who have not, and those who have before seen, alike know to be the face of death."

FREE INQUIRY.—In times of religious excitement, evening meetings are not unfrequently held, called meetings of "free inquiry." In a village, at the North, where one of these excitements prevailed, lived Jock Pettibone and Nat Pease. They were roystering, ungodly fellows; and more apt to be excited by rum than by religion. One evening Jock, being about three sheets in the wind, was looking about for his usual companion, to help him keep up the spree, as he called it. He strolled over most of the village, but Nat was nowhere to be found. At length deservng a light in the Town Hall, he staggered thither. Seeing a crowd of people collected, and not exactly aware of the nature of the meeting, he entered and took a seat amongst the rest, in hopes after a while to spy out his friend in the midst of the multitude.

Presently Mr. Higginson, the minister, arose, and observed—"This is a meeting where every person is free to speak; and if any of you have any thing on your minds, or any inquiries to make, there is perfect liberty."

Upon this, Jock got up, and steadying himself as well as he could by the bench, began—"Mr.—hickup—

Higgin—hickup—son—I—hickup—should like to—hickup—make one—hickup—inquiry, if—hickup—it be in—hickup—order."

"Certainly, Mr. Pettibone, this is a meeting of free inquiry; ask any question you think proper."

"I'm afraid I shall—hickup—give some—hickup—offence, if I—hickup—"

"Oh, no, not at all; speak freely, and without apprehension. I am very glad to perceive that you manifest an inquiring spirit."

"Well then—hickup—since you're so good as to—hickup—allow me to—hickup—and speak freely—hickup—hickup—I would—hickup—just—hickup—hickup—ask whether you're seen any—hickup—thing of NAT PEASE."

SUNDAY FISHING.—A good Deacon, in the land of steady habits, who piously eschewed all worldly labor and recreation on the Sabbath, one Sunday morning, having totally forgotten the day of the week, went out early a fishing for trout. He had glorious luck, and brought home as fine a string of speckled backs as ever graced a frying-pan.

"I've had a fine time of it this morning," said he joyfully, as he entered his house—"the trout bit like the nation."

"But, Deacon," said his wife, "didn't you know 'twas Sunday?"

"How! what! Sunday!" exclaimed the good man, suddenly changing his smiling countenance into one of horror—"is it indeed Sunday?"

"It is indeed the Sabbath," returned his wife.

"Well, I'd no idea of it—not the least," said the Deacon, "or else I shouldn't have caught all this string of fish. But there's one thing I know, I won't have 'em cooked."

Thus saying, the Deacon devoutly threw them to the hogs; and thus eased his conscience for having unwittingly caught them on a Sunday morning.

CARICATURE LIBEL.—Two suits for libel have been brought, at Concord, Ms. by Lieutenant Colonel Ellis, against the publisher and the vender of a lithograph, wherein the said Colonel claims to have been placed in a very ludicrous situation as one of the members of a late court-martial—for all which he prays judgment against the defendants—the former, for the sum of \$1500—and the latter, for that of \$500. The trial is to take place in June; and, says the Boston Transcript, already excites much interest in anticipation. We shall presently expect to hear of Major Mitchell and others bringing suits for libels against the "fantasists," who so wickedly caricatured them in this city last fall. The fact is, that the world is coming to a strange pass; and the wags have not, as assuredly they ought to have, the fear of the militia officers before their eyes.

WILLIAMS'S NEW-YORK REGISTER.—This is a volume which should be in the hands of every man in the State who can read—for, in relation to the affairs of the State, it contains more important, and a greater variety of information than is to be found in any other volume. Mr. Williams has been indefatigable in its compilation, and should be rewarded accordingly. This is the third year of its publication; and each succeeding year has been improving upon those before it. Besides an almanac, it contains the civil and judicial list, together with a vast fund of political, statistical, and other information. It would require a very considerable chapter, even to enumerate the subjects it embraces. But we assure the reader, they are all subjects of much interest; and if he would not be ignorant of many important matters, relating to the affairs of New York, and of the United States in general, he must purchase Williams's Register.

COMIC SKETCH BOOK.—What lean man would laugh and be fat? What gloomy man would laugh and shake off the blue devil? What dyspeptic man would laugh and find healthy exercise? Let him go to Peabody's and purchase the Comic Sketch Book, designed and drawn by that most comic of all comical fellows—Finn. It is "the sovereign'st thing in the world" to put a man in good humor, when the wind blows east, and the world wags wrong.

That spirited paper—the "Spirit of the Times"—published in this city, has recently been enlarged. It is modelled after Bell's Life in London; and all such persons as are fond of the turf, the ring, and those exercises emphatically called "sports," should become its patrons.

CHOLERA—OR, SOME OTHER DISEASE!—We gather from sundry papers, published one where or other, that the cholera, dysentery, diarrhoea, scarlet fever, spotted fever, or some other complaint, is, or has been, prevailing at New London, or somewhereabouts, to a very considerable extent; and we also learn from the same undoubted sources, that something like a hundred, fifty, thirty, twenty, or at least ten, cases have

occurred; and there is no knowing what may be the result.

NEW THEORY OF RAIN.—A circuit preacher, in a country village away back, one day descending very learnedly upon the proximate cause of rain, said it was produced in this way:—"Several winds from different quarters blow, and press the clouds together; and in this manner, my dear hearers, they squeeze out the rain, even as water is squeezed out of a sponge by the hands of a man."

NEWSPAPERS.—Williams's Register gives a list of 258 newspapers, of all kinds, published in the State of New York. Of these, 64 are published in this city. Of the whole number, 75 are represented as favorable to the present administration; 52 anti-masonic; and 30 national republican.

TABLETS OF RURAL ECONOMY.—A weekly journal, by this title, consisting of 16 octavo pages, has been commenced at Newburgh, by J. D. Spalding & Co. It is to be devoted to the improvement of Agriculture.

PRIVILEGE OF A BREACH.—After all the just indignation and unimportant fuss, expressed and made, in relation to the Houston outrage, Congress has voted to let off the Ex-Governor with merely a reprimand. A breach may be made into the ribs of any member of Congress, at this low price.

DAVID BIRDSALL.—With several aliases, among which was the very respectable name of *Decatur*—was, on Tuesday, convicted in the Court of Sessions of Grand Larceny, for stealing a surcoat from the Exchange Hotel, where he chose to figure under the assumed name of James S. Decatur. He sat in the prisoner's box, apparently a youth of 18—looking as if butter would not melt in his mouth—and as innocent as a cat watching at a mouse-hole.

NIMROD WILDFIRE.—It appears from the Louisville Journal, that Mr. Hackett lately came within an ace of being "rowed up salt river," for playing his Nimrod Wildfire among the Kentuckians—they considering it a libel upon the sons of the west. They began to "look down slantendicular upon him," and he prudently abstained from a repetition of the offence.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

NUMBER XXIII.

DEMOSTHENES AND CICERO.—Many ingenious critics have puzzled themselves in making comparisons of the respective merits of these authors, when their difference is the more obvious subject of this discussion. Demosthenes might be compared to thunder and lightning, astonishing and terrifying the reader; whilst the eloquence of the Roman orator might be illustrated by artificial fires, which are at once luminous, elegant and amusing.—*Nictes Attica: N. Monthly* 9, 20.

DOMESTIC EVENING IN MAJORCA.—Nothing can be so amusing as a Majorcan evening; the men and women are ranged or rather squatted on very low seats around the brasier. One, who has a small paper cigarre in his mouth, puffs the smoke amorously in the face of his mistress, who modestly looks down and stirs up the ashes in the brasier with a copper spoon; another relates the news of the day, or volunteers a song; sometimes the master of the house may fancy to sing the service, which he commences in a doleful tone, at the same time counting the beads of his rosary; and the company join in a low note, and even the servant girl, who is perhaps scouring her coppers, joins her voice from the kitchen to those above. It is impossible for a stranger to keep his place among them any length of time; he retires stammering, *un bon nil fingers*, which is their manner of wishing "good night."—*St. Saviour's Travels*.

JEAN BAPTISTE MOREAU.—With that enthusiasm which ever accompanies true genius he determined to try his fortune at Paris, and having succeeded in a bold attempt to get unperceived into the closet of the Dauphiness, who was passionately fond of music, he had the temerity to pull her highness by the sleeve, and beg permission to sing her a little song of his own composing. The Dauphiness laughing heartily at the singularity of the incident, desired him to sing. He obeyed without being the least disconcerted, and received the approbation of the princess for his performance. This circumstance soon reached the ears of the king, and his majesty desired to see the young musician. Moreau was accordingly introduced in the apartment of Mad. de Maintenon, to the royal presence, and sang several airs with such taste and feeling that he was desired by the king to compose a musical entertainment, which was performed at Marly, two months afterwards, and applauded by the whole court. His chief excellence consisted in giving the full force of expression to all kind of words and subjects.—*Musical Biog.*

SWIFT.—In his person he was tall and athletic; in his features severely dignified. He always repelled a laugh as too light for that dignity which never, for a moment, forsook him. His voice was sharp, high-toned, and inharmonious, demanding attention. In conversation he was never amiable, and at last so unpleasant that he drove all but dependents from him. His manners partook of this character: for he studied the austerity of a pedagogue more than the polished ease of the accomplished gentleman. In his friendship, he was sincere; to his dependants bountiful, but never kind. Charitable, but with a severity which his own early poverty and disgrace made an indelible part of his character. In politics he was a moderate whig, in religion a high tory. The great he afflicted to despise, yet no man ever courted their acquaintance more. As a writer of prose, he is of the first class. As he declined in life, avarice, infirmities corporeal and mental, overcame a Colossus, who upon occasions, opposed sovereigns, vice-kings, senates; all that dignity, power, wealth, or numbers could, unitedly, bring against him.—*Noble's Contin. Granger*.

DR. GOLDSMITH.—He told us that he was now busy in writing his Natural History, and that he might have full leisure for his study, he had taken lodgings at a farmer's house, near to the sixth mile stone on the Edgware road, and had carried down his books in two return chaises. He said, he believed the family thought him an odd character, similar to that in which the *Spectator* appeared to his landlady and her children: he was "the Gentleman." Mr. Mickle, the translator of the "The Lusi.d," and I, went to visit him at this place a few days afterwards. He was not at home; but having a curiosity to see his apartment, we went in and found curious scraps descriptive of animals, &c. scrawled upon the wall with a black lead pencil.—*Boswell's Life of Johnson*.

M. BENSERADE.—He had a witty and very singular method of expressing himself on every occasion. We were one day conversing on poetry, and he, commenting his favorite bard Adam Menusier, observed that "No person since his time appeared capable of imitating him." "Sir," continued he, "the fellow climbed Mount Parnassus with a ladder, and when he had ascended he drew it up after him."—*Menage*.

MODERN FORUM.—The nearest approach to an ancient forum, or market, we have in England, is Covent Garden, where we have the market in the middle, a church at one end, a theatre at one corner, and the sitting magistrates close adjacent; if we add a school for philosophical instruction, we have pretty nearly the composition of a Roman forum.

GOLDEN PIPPIN.—Catherine II. was so fond of this apple, that she was regularly supplied with it from England; and in order that she might have it in the greatest perfection, each apple was enveloped in silver paper before it was packed.—*Phillips's Hist. Jaccout Brit. Fruit*.

DANTE.—I do not know how it is, but Dante always reminds me of some antique statue of a Dacian monarch. There is a sad dignity, a grim majesty about him; but then, after all, he is a barbarian. He is a giant, to be sure; but then he is a Cyclops.—*Young Duke*.

CEREMONY OF THE ORIENTALS.—Ceremonies and forms have, and merit, consideration in all countries, but particularly among Asiatic nations. With these the intercourse of private as well as public life is much regulated by their observance. The most complete part of their education therefore consists in being well versed in that important science de "Kaid-e-nishest-oo-bek-hast" (or the art of sitting and rising,) in which is included a knowledge of the forms and manners of good society, and particularly those of Asiatic kings and their courts.—*Sketches of Persia*.

FONTENELLE.—He has the most kindness and the least feeling of any man I ever knew.—I asked him the other day, what writer, ancient or modern, had ever given him the most sensible pleasure? After a little pause, the excellent old man said, "Daphnus!" "Daphnus," repeated I, "who the devil is he?"—"Why," answered Fontenelle, with tears of gratitude in his benevolent eyes, "I had some hypochondriacal ideas that suppers were unwholesome; and Daphnus is an ancient physician who asserts the contrary; and declares,—think, my friend, what a charming theory,—that the moon is a great assistant of the digestion!"—*Deveraux*.

GOLDEN.—Every thing belonging to the king of Ava has the appellation of *Shae*, or golden, annexed to it; even his majesty's person is never mentioned but in conjunction with this precious metal. When a subject means to affirm that the king had heard anything, he says "it has reached the golden ears;" he

who obtained admission to the royal presence, has been at the "golden feet." The perfume of otto of rose, a nobleman observed one day, "was an odour grateful to the golden nose."—*Synge's "Jea."*

PRESENCE OF MIND.—It has been related of Celio Secondo Curio, a distinguished reformer, in the time of Cranmer, that when pursued by the familiars of the inquisition at Rome, he was sitting at dinner in an inn; and the captain of the papal band, called in Italy Barisello, suddenly making his appearance, commanded him, in the pope's name, to yield himself as a prisoner; Curio, despairing of escape, rose to deliver himself up, unconsciously retaining in his hand the knife with which he had been carving. The Barisello seeing an athletic figure approaching him with a large carving knife, was seized with a sudden panic, and retreated to a corner of the room; upon which Curio, who possessed great presence of mind, walked deliberately out, passed without interruption through the armed men, who were stationed at the door, took his horse from the stable, and made good his flight.—*McCrie's History of the Reformers of Italy*.

SELECTIONS.

The last of the Jockies.—Buckle is dead! How strangely local is fame! This is an announcement which our readers receive without emotion; and yet at Tattersall's the sentence sounded heavily, and gave a quiver to hearts that only respond to the reverberation of hoofs and the clinking of guineas. Yes; the news seemed to affect the odds of life for an instant; sweepstakes and handicaps lost their charms. No one backed the favorite; for he who backed so many had done his race and not won, but probably lost all, assuredly his life. His last race was a dead heat. His last weighing machine was the arms of his sabbie bearers; they had but a small burden; a three years' old would have made light of it. Buckle is no longer on the turf, but under it; instead of his black waistcoat and white sleeves, or his red vest slashed with yellow, the colors of his glory, he has assumed the church yard livery—

"Grass-green, turned up with brown."

Those hands which we have so often seen "making play," whip now in one, now in the other, nicely handling and working the bit; a dazzling sight to see as they scintillated to and fro as he might be becoming in easy, or going it hard, are now stretched in stiffened repose by his sides, as quiet as those of the eulogy of a crusader cut in stone in a country churchyard. How poor is the fortune of those shandy legs, on the active playing of which so many hundreds of thousands have depended, when grieved with shining leather, and armed with lancing steel, all brilliant for the battle! Alas, alas! the tight little saddle is changed for a coffin pillow; and the gay horsecloth, trimmed with blue, for one of cere, all white. Play or pay, the race is done, the judge is in his box, and the rivals of poor Buckle, ye Chilmeyers and Robinsons, may now walk across the course, for a brief space. If an ancient Greek, a winner at Elis, could have been but blessed with a vision of one of our winners at Newmarket or Doncaster, how would he have made the welkin ring with laughter! Could he but have seen little Buckle, for instance,—he who has been crowned and double crowned a thousand times; when the nobles of the land—yea, princes have delighted to honor, whom they have gloried in, coveted, courted, shaken by the hand, clapped on the back,—all but bribed! That which makes a jockey mair ad other men. Buckle weighed next to nothing; such weight as he had was made by strings, in courtesy called muscles: he was little to dwarfiness; great only in the bow of his legs: it was plain to look at them, that he could grasp in femoral embrace the biggest colt that was ever dammed; and here was his forte; a perfect Filibertygibbet, his dimensions lay where they were not seen, but felt. Nature had moulded his *os femoris* upon the rib of a horse; and then his feet, how a dancing master would have turned up his nose at them! Assuredly he never could have turned out his toes, but then his heels turned out, and his toes met in loving kindness. Buckle could not walk, few real horsemen can, but they can waddle. His lower extremities were ridiculous off horseback, but on it they were a bootsful of grace; his face, however, was always, on or off the saddle, venerable, nay, awful, gaunt, hollow, lined eloquent of trials many, long and strong, deep, cunning, alive, quiet, but ready to overwhelm the queerest with a rolling glance of unutterable knowledge. Buckle adieu! As Sir Robin Adair eloquently said over the grave of General Belliard, Buckle adieu! The earliest work of art the writer of this remembers, was an admirable Dightonish portrait of Buckle and his master, the incomparable Melish; admirable likenesses both, and charmingly pregnant with character, life and sport, forming together a most delightful contrast of tall, short—aristocratic, plebeian—noble, and mean—thorough-bred, under-bred, but small boned—confidence, cunning—high-crowned, jockey-capped—mustachio'd—smug-lipped—graceful, stunted—

polar, polished, in short, nature against art.—*New Monthly Mag.*

MR. EWING OF OHIO.

Mr. Ewing is a man over 40, perhaps 41—2 or 3,—well,—and firmly built—of about six feet, and a goodly size. His private life is interesting and demonstrating with a thousand other examples the peculiar excellence of our institutions in opening the faculties of the mind, and in encouraging the poor boy to consider no honorable exaltation beyond his reach. He is the son of a poor tavern keeper, some where between Lancaster and Chillicothe—did the honor of the stable—acted the part of the hostler and the servant for many years, till by and by, feeling himself made for something else, he determined upon having a collegiate education. Nothing is impossible to him who is resolved. He left home and started for the salt works by the Kanawha, and chopped wood for money, doing as much in one day as many men did in three. Thus he was able to lay up funds to fit him for, and to support himself in college. He continued alternately chopping and studying till his collegiate education was finished. Then came his law studies, which by the kindness of a friend he was enabled to get through—then that subsequent prosperity which talent and industry always give to their worshippers—and now you see him, his first term in the U. S. Senate, taking a stand among the first, and laying the foundation of a reputation which, by and by, will rank among our illustrious men—who no matter to what party they belong when truly illustrious and upright, are common property of their whole country,—the jewels of our Republic that are sparkling in her Capitol.

How instructive is such a life as that of Mr. Ewing—and yet how many can tell nearly the same story? Does he feel ashamed of it? I think not, for there is no truly great man who would not rejoice that his own arm had taken him from obscurity and put him side by side with the great men of his country. Small minds feel ashamed of such things. Great minds rejoice to relate them—they are proud of them, and bequeath them to their children as their exploits, as famous as those of the laurelled chieftain.—*Portland Adv.*

STEAMBOATS AND TRADE ON THE WATERS OF THE WEST.

In debate in Congress a few days since, Mr. Wickliffe, speaking on the constitutionality and in support of the proposed appropriation for the removal of obstructions in the Mississippi and Ohio, said, "There descended those rivers annually 4,000 flat bottomed boats, averaging 160 tons, and carrying cargoes amounting in value to \$1,800,000. There were besides 220 steamboats, averaging 175 tons, and worth, with their cargoes, 15,000,000 dollars; forming an aggregate value of the products of the country seeking a market, of upwards of twenty millions of dollars per annum. He then went into an estimate of the extent of water open to steam-boat navigation in the Mississippi, and its various tributary streams, the result of which went to show that there were 8,540 miles of such navigation in the West. Was this not an object worthy of a public pittance for its preservation?"

Mr. Ashley, of Missouri, proposed an amendment to the bill, to appropriate 50,000 dollars to clearing out the obstructions in the Missouri river, from its mouth to a place about 300 miles up, and also to the removal of a shoal in the Mississippi River, a considerable distance above St. Louis. Mr. A. in supporting his amendment, made various statements showing the importance of the trade that would be affected by it, and the success which had attended the experiments already made. The amount of goods annually transported up the Missouri, including those intended for the Indian Trade and St. Fe, he estimated at a million of dollars. The amount for the latter trade in 1851 was about \$230,000. The utility of the "snag boat" had been shown by the removal in 45 days, between the mouths of the Ohio and Missouri, of 559 snags from the most dangerous parts of the Mississippi. The whole expense of the operation did not exceed \$3735. "At one place 60 miles below St. Louis, Mr. A. had seen in one view, and within the distance of one mile, wrecks of four large steam boats, which had been destroyed by running against snags. Their value previous to their being wrecked was not less than 100,000 dollars, and since the operations of the snag boat, no accident of the kind had occurred."

A new and beautiful Limestone *Cavern* is said to have been lately discovered at the base of North Mountain, in Peters township, Franklin Co. Pa. The entrance is partially obstructed by loose rocks, which, after a little distance, entirely disappear, and in every direction are to be seen the most beautiful stalactites and concretions of almost every colour and dimension, pointing downwards from the ceiling and inwards from the sloping walls.

The *Western Quarterly Review*, a new publication, is projected at Cincinnati, to be commenced in November and to be issued by Messrs. Hubbard & Edwards. "The editorial department will be confided to three gentlemen, already known to the public by their contribution to the *Eastern Reviews*." A compensation of three dollars per page, for each accepted article is offered to secure suitable co-operation.

From the Atlas.
MRS. TROLLOPE'S BOOK
ON AMERICAN MANNERS.

We have already spoken of this work, and of the diverse criticisms to which it had given birth in England. We now annex the notice of the Athenæum, the Editor of which always looks upon America with a friendly eye. Some extracts from the volumes are also subjoined.

Mrs. Trollope has a quick eye and a clever hand; she excels in sprightly gossip, sarcastic remarks, and in delineations of domestic life, and must stand at the head of all those who have described the manners and recorded the doings of the great western community of republicans. Here, however, our praise must stop; she sees right, but she reasons wrong; she is full of prejudice. She drew with some skill the outline of the American character, but, like an engraver, she put it in with aquatint. She is an English woman, and insists on weighing everything American in an English balance; she sailed to the great western continent to use an American phrase, because she was one of those fastidious people, who would find little perfect or pleasing at home; your transatlantic republican, she imagined, was, if not an Apollo in shape, at least a god in sentiment, and away she went to worship and establish her household duties. She supposed herself a whig; whiggery she reckoned superior to torvisim, and republicanism superior to whiggery, — and, reasoning on this ascending scale of excellence, she looked for nothing short of perfection, in a land which had no debt, paid no taxes, where nothing but talent had a title, and where all men did what was right in their own eyes, and all ladies honoured human freedom so much, that servitude was next to unknown. She believed that the members of Congress were a better sort of Cato; that common tavern keepers were as polished and polite as English masters of the ceremonies; and that the divine blessing of liberty had inspired the rudest part of the population with such a sense of courtesy and gentleness, as would cast the rude hours of Britain into the shade. Nothing happened as she expected. As the people looked not at all like her fancy picture, she concluded that American society was wholly wrong; that republicanism was a national nuisance; and that freedom, since it served to sweeten labour and soothe servitude, was a great evil. In short, she liked nothing that she saw in America, save the country itself: the land, with her, is a second Eden; but the people, whom Providence permits to keep and dress it, are, in her opinion, rude, contumacious, and unjust, and fear neither God nor man.

For many of Mrs. Trollope's sorrows, we can have but little sympathy. The want of the arts and the graces, which embellish life, are set down as the source of all her woe: the afflictions which prey sorest upon her, are six in number—viz. Servant girls persist in selling themselves help; 2. Men smoke and spit; 3. Colonels keep stores, and majors gin shops; 4. Men, when they sit, put their feet on the backs of the chairs; 5. Gentlemen and ladies eat with knives; 6. The whole United Provinces agreed in calling the author "The old woman." Now, had Mrs. Trollope chosen, she might have found much of the same sort of thing in her native land; here, labouring men persist in calling their masters their employers; here, many men of rank and education both smoke and spit; here, members of parliament are tailors and brewers, and editors of periodicals; here, in our own memory, men and women both ate with knives, for, as then, silver forks were little known; and here, not only ladies in years are called old, but we have heard, without either sense or propriety, ministers of state and reverend bishops called old women.

Mrs. Trollope is more than unreasonable in her expectations: she expects to find in a cheap and working republic all the courtly airs and put on graces of a country of kings and earls—she looks for the assumed obsequiousness and bowing subservience which are forced upon the people of this land by a sense of dependence, and the feeling that it is necessary, amid the rivalry of dealers, to secure customers. She was ignorant of the way in which the freedom which she worshipped wrought, when she looked for such results. The equality, of which her helps compelled the recognition, is sufficient evidence that the peasantry of America are higher in the social scale than the same class in England. Her horror at discovering discourteous "Colonels and Majors who kept public houses is truly laughable. She had not the sagacity to see how much this told in favour of her uncivil republicans; with them, as in the army of Napoleon, talent and courage are the passports to commissions; with us, rank in the army is the prerogative of the rich or the titled—those of gentle blood alone have brains to lead—the lowly born have only courage to follow. These remarks have been forced from us by the perusal of this clever but most inconsiderate book, and they are necessary to qualify and abate the rigour of the following observations which our ingenuous traveller makes—

AMERICAN OFFICERS.

"The gentlemen in the cabin (we had no ladies) could certainly, neither from their language, manners, nor appearance, have received that designation in Europe; but we soon found their claim to it rested on some substantial ground, for we heard them nearly all addressed by the titles of general, colonel, and major. On mentioning these military dignities to an English friend some time afterwards, he told me that he too had made the voyage with the same description of company, but remarking that there was not a single captain among them; he made the observation to a

fellow-passenger, and asked how he accounted for it. 'Oh, sir, the captains are all on deck,' was the reply. 'Our honours, however, were not all military, for we had a judge amongst us. I know it is equally easy and invidious to ridicule the peculiarities of appearance and manner in people of a different nation from ourselves; we may, too, at the same moment, be undergoing the same ordeal in their estimation; and, moreover, I am by no means disposed to consider whatever is new to me is therefore objectionable; but, nevertheless, it was impossible not to feel repugnance to many of the novelties that now surrounded me.'

"The total want of all the usual courtesies of the table, the voracious rapidity with which the viands were seized and devoured, the strange uncouth phrases and pronunciation; the loathsome spitting, from the contamination of which it was absolutely impossible to protect our dresses; the frightful manner of feeding with their knives, till the whole blade seemed to enter into the mouth—and the still more frightful manner of cleaning the teeth afterwards with a pocket knife, soon forced us to feel that we were not surrounded by the generals, colonels, and majors of the old world; and that the dinner hour was to be anything rather than an hour of enjoyment." i. 23-4.

LIBERTY AND EQUALITY.

"The steam-boat had wearied me of social meals, and I should have been thankful to have eaten our dinner of hard venison and peach-sauce in a private room; but this, Miss Wright said was impossible; the lady of the house would consider the proposal as a personal affront, and, moreover, it would be assuredly refused. This latter argument carried weight with it, and when the great bell was sounded from an upper window of the house, we proceeded to the dining room. The table was laid for fifty persons, and was already nearly full. Our party had the honour of sitting near 'the lady,' but to check the proud feelings to which such distinction might give birth, my servant, William, sat very nearly opposite to me. The company consisted of all the shopkeepers (store-keepers as they are called throughout the United States) of the little town. The mayor also, who was a friend of Miss Wright's, was of the party; he is a pleasing gentlemanlike man, and seems strangely mis-bred in a little town on the Mississippi. We are told that since the erection of this hotel, it has been the custom for all the male inhabitants of the town to dine and breakfast there. They ate in perfect silence, and with such astonishing rapidity that their dinner was over literally before ours was begun; the instant they ceased to eat, they darted from the table in the same moody silence which they had preserved since they entered the room, and a second set took their places, who performed their silent parts in the same manner. The only sounds heard were those produced by the knives and forks, with the uncensured chorus of coughing &c. No women were present except ourselves and the hostess; the good women of Memphis being well content to let their lords partake of Mrs. Anderson's turkeys and venison, (without their having the trouble of cooking for them,) whilst they regulate themselves on mush and milk at home." i. 83-4.

AMERICAN MANNERS.

"All animal wants are supplied profusely at Cincinnati, and at a very easy rate; but, alas! these go but a little way in the history of a day's enjoyment. The total and universal want of manners, both in males and females, is so remarkable, that I was constantly endeavouring to account for it. It certainly does not proceed from want of intellect. I have listened to much dull and heavy conversation in America, but rarely to any that I could strictly call silly, (if I except the everywhere privileged class of very young ladies.) They appear to me to have clear headed and active intellects; are more ignorant on subjects that are only of conventional value, than on such as are of intrinsic importance; but there is no charm, no grace in their conversation. I very seldom during my whole stay in the country heard a sentence elegantly turned, and correctly pronounced from the lips of an American. There is always something either in the expression or the accent that jars the feelings and shocks the taste." p. 62-4.

AMERICAN HELP.

"The most fertile source of annoyance to our sensitive country woman was, the negotiations which she had to carry on in the engagements of servants; instead of hastening to a market town and selecting out some buxom damsel who carried a loaf of holly or a sprig of broom in her belt as a sign that she was to hire, Mrs. Trollope was compelled to sue, and beseech, and use dainty words, else these transatlantic helps tossed their independent heads, scolded her offers, and sought some more courteous mistress. On this score subject our authoress dilates with no little cleverness."

AMERICAN HELP.

"The greatest difficulty in organising a family establishment in Ohio, is getting servants, or, as it is there called, 'getting helps,' for it is more than petty treason to the Republic, to call a free citizen a servant. The whole class of young women, whose bread depends upon their labour, are taught to believe that the most abject poverty is preferable to domestic service. Hundreds of half-naked girls work in the paper-mills, or in any other manufactory, for less than half the wages they would receive in service; but they think their equality is compromised by the latter, and nothing but the wish to obtain some particular article of finery will induce them to submit to it. A kind friend, however, exerted herself so effectually for me, that a tall, stout, black woman soon presented herself, saying, 'I be come to this country, as was said at the time, with a view

to help you.' The intelligence was very agreeable, and I welcomed her in the most gracious manner possible, and asked what I should give her by the year.

"Oh Gimmie!" exclaimed the damsel, with a loud laugh, 'you be a downright Englisher, sure enough. I should like to see a young lady engage by the year in America! I hope I shall get a husband before many months, or I expect I shall be an outright old maid, for I be most seventeen already; besides, mayhap I may want to go to school. You must just give me a dollar and a half a week, and mother's slave, Phillis, must come over once a week, I expect, from t'other side the water, to help me clean.'

"When she found she was to dine in the kitchen, she turned up her pretty lip, and said, 'I guess that's cause you don't think I'm good enough to eat with you. You'll find that won't do here.' I found afterwards that she rarely ate any dinner at all, and generally passed the time in tears. I did everything in my power to conciliate and make her happy, but I am sure she hated me. I gave her very high wages, and she stayed till she had obtained several expensive articles of dress, and then, *un bon matin*, she came to me full dressed, and said, 'I must go.' 'When shall you return, Charlotte?' 'I expect you'll see no more of me.' And so we parted. Her sister was also living with me, but her wardrobe was not yet completed, and she remained some weeks longer, till it was." i. 73-77.

MRS. TROLLOPE AN OLD WOMAN.

"My general appellation amongst my neighbours was 'the English old woman,' but in mentioning each other they constantly employed the term 'lady'; and they evidently had a pleasure in using it, for I repeatedly observed, that in speaking of a neighbour, instead of saying Mrs. Such-a-one, they described her as 'the lady over the way what takes in washing,' or as 'that there lady, out by the Gully, what is making dependles.' Mr. Trollope was as constantly called 'the old man,' while draymen, butchers' boys, and the labourers on the canal were invariably denominated 'them gentlemen'; may, we once saw one of the most gentlemanlike men in Cincinnati introduce a fellow in dirty shirt sleeves, and all sorts of detestable et cetera, to one of his friends, with this formula, 'D*** let me introduce this gentleman to you.' i. 140.

That Mrs. Trollope occasionally discovered humble worth and sensible industry among these uncivil republicans, the following fine description will sufficiently show; and with it we must, for this week, conclude our extracts:

THE AMERICAN HUSBANDMAN.

"There was one man whose progress in wealth I watched with much interest and pleasure. When I first became his neighbour, himself, his wife, and four children, were living in one room, with plenty of beef-steaks and onions for breakfast, dinner, and supper, but with very few other comforts. He was one of the finest men I ever saw, full of natural intelligence and activity of mind and body, but he could neither read nor write. He drank but little whiskey, and but rarely chewed tobacco, and was therefore more free from that plague-spot of spitting which rendered colloquy so difficult to endure. He worked for us frequently, and often used to walk into the drawing-room, and seat himself on the sofa, and tell me all his plans. He made an engagement with the proprietor of the wooded hill before mentioned, by which half the wood he could fell was to be his own. His unwearied industry made this a profitable bargain, and from the proceeds he purchased the materials for building a comfortable frame (or wooden) house; he did the work almost all entirely himself. He then got a job for cutting rails, and, as he could cut twice as many in a day as any other man in the neighbourhood, he made a good thing of it. He then let half his pretty house, which was admirably constructed, with an ample portico, that kept it always cool. His next step was contracting for the building a wooden bridge, and when I left Mohawk he had fitted up his half of the building as an hotel and grocery store; and I have no doubt that every son that sets sees him a richer man than when it rose. He hopes to make his son a lawyer, and I have little doubt that he will live to see him sit in congress; when this time arrives, the wood-cutter's son will rank with any other member of congress, not of courtesy, but of right, and the idea that his origin is a disadvantage, will never occur to the imagination of the most exalted of his fellow-citizens." i. 170-72.

There are two points in which we concur with the authoress of this work—viz. the employment of slaves, and the extermination of the native Indians. How any men can imagine themselves in the full enjoyment of liberty, while they detain their fellow-creatures in slavery, we cannot for our souls imagine. Their negotiations, and expeditions, and plans to *extinguish*—such is their diplomatic language—the claims of the Indians, are alike cruel and unholy. Alas! principle is one thing and practice is another; these are the orators who talk eloquently of human liberty and the indefeasible rights of man. We have reserved the subject of religion for a separate article—we think Mrs. Trollope is as far wrong in matters of devotion as in discussions on democracy, and must tell her so.

THE AUTHORESS.

A correspondent of the N.Y. American thus sketches the history of the lady and her family to whose residence in the United States we are indebted for the work.

"Mr. Trollope, styling himself an English barrister, and the husband, as I suppose, of this lady, came to this country, as was said at the time, with a view

of providing a settlement for his youngest son, the estate being entailed upon the eldest. However that may be, they arrived in Cincinnati about the year 1828, and were so well pleased with the prosperity and promise of that flourishing city, as to make it their abode and the theatre of their operations. They purchased a valuable lot in the most beautiful part of the city, and proceeded to erect an expensive and highly ornamental building. The notorious Miss Wright happened to be there, about the same time, endeavouring to inculcate her principles, and obtain a foothold in society. This building, it was said, was intended for her use,—a Temple of Freedom. If so it is certain they soon discovered the folly of their project, and abandoned it. Their avowed object was a Bazaar. Their original plan, though liberal enough for the purpose, was moderate in cost, and within their means. In the progress of the work, however, there were not wanting persons, who in their zeal for the public interest, persuaded them to enlarge the design, and, of course, the cost. A large rotunda was erected for the purpose of exhibiting a picture of Lafayette's landing at Cincinnati, executed by a young Italian; an extensive ball-room was fitted up in the style, and with the decorations of Egyptian architecture; the front of the building was composed of expensive cut stone, and the whole furnished with a gas apparatus. In the meanwhile, Mr. Trollope had returned to England, leaving the care of affairs to his wife; the bills of the mechanics had accumulated to three times the usual estimates, one third of which was unpaid, and the whole of their disposable cash exhausted in the payment of the residue. Here was a dilemma from which it behoved the lady speedily to extricate herself. The plan was to dispose of goods in the Bazaar in the European or Eastern fashion, in market *en ret*, attended by young damsels, as is now practised by our societies for the administration of charity *a la mode*. The goods were imported, the damsels arrived; moreover, the picture was exhibited, and the cotillions got up by gentlemen for the benefit of the ball-room. Now for the effect. People went to stare; but it was soon apparent, they went only to stare; few bought anything, few went to see the picture, and the ball-room was not crowded. Why? Here were fancy and pleasure offering their seductions. Why rejected? The articles for sale on which they most relied, were selected from want of experience, with bad taste—of inferior qualities, and of high prices. Of course the Yankees, who are shrewd in such matters, would buy only as far as good manners required. The place, though delightful in situation, was not in a business part of the city, therefore only frequented in the evening. The balls, though very pleasant, were not very productive. Of the picture of Lafayette's Landing, I will say little, both because the artist is living, and because it has been much praised by those whose authority in such matters is higher than mine. I will however, remark, that it had one merit: those who once saw it will never forget it. The good Lafayette there looks, as no one else ever looked; and some of my acquaintance may say, that, though not made immortal in song, they are at least perpetuated on the living canvas.

To conclude, Mrs. Trollope was an enterprising and courageous woman; but neither enterprise nor courage were sufficient to thread this labyrinth of perplexities. As a choice of evils she abandoned her projects and returned to England, and is now the authoress of the work on the 'Domestic manners and customs of Americans.' The Bazaar, from the impropriety of its location, had no value as a place of business, and sold for less than one third of its cost to the mechanics, who, by the law, had a lien upon it. It is now occupied as a *restaurant*, where good things are dispensed to the hungry, great men honoured with dinners, and small ones with sing songs.

From this narrative may be gathered the probable notions of this country, and feelings towards it, with which Mrs. Trollope returned to her native land. That she should write (if she wrote at all) with some acerbity and much extravagance, is not merely natural, but pardonable; for who ever looked kindly or patiently upon those who, however innocently, have occasioned the loss of fortune, time, and temper? The error in this respect lies with the reviewer who gives currency to what he knows to be false, and makes a work, obviously the offering of disappointed hopes, a pretence for uttering unjust, and unreasonable aspersions upon a neighbouring people!

NEW BOOKS.

EVIDENCE OF THE TRUTH OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION, derived from the literal fulfilment of Prophecy, &c. By the Rev. Alexander Keith, minister of St. Cyrus, Kincardineshire. J. & J. Harper.

This is a handsomely executed duodecimo, of the larger size, containing about 300 pages, and exhibiting in a concise and popular form the various scriptural prophecies, and the proofs of their exact accomplishment. No subject, the author remarks in his preface, can be of greater importance, either to the unbeliever or to the Christian, than an investigation of the evidence of Christianity; and we may add that the fulfilment of prophecy is not less interesting as an object of philosophical inquiry, than important as connected with the highest moral relations of man.

Persons who have leisure and opportunity for extensive theological researches may be well provided with sources of instruction on this subject in other works; but for common readers something is need-

ary which shall bring into a smaller compass, and exhibit in a distinct and lucid manner, the results of such investigations; the testimony which supports the facts being, as in the case before us, named for reference, instead of encumbering the main design. From the plan laid down by Mr. Keith, and the estimation in which his labours have been held in Great Britain, we believe the publishers have done a valuable service in furnishing an edition for the use of the people of the United States.

Messrs. Harper have also this week issued Mr. Barrow's late production descriptive of *Pitcairn's Island*, and the mutiny on board the *Bounty*, &c. &c. A subject having more points of interest can scarcely be imagined, and the abilities and opportunities of Mr. B. the Secretary to the Admiralty, give an assurance that they have not been overlooked. Some extracts from the volume have already been seen in our pages. The American publishers state that they have taken the liberty of omitting a few of the author's observations which were not deemed necessary to the history. If these were, as we suppose, those in which he needlessly and unwarrantably cast aspersions on the efforts that have been made for diffusing Christianity among the South Sea Islanders, the omission is an essential improvement.

If the rising generation be not wiser (and better) than their predecessors, then they ought none of them to "scape whipping." What was formerly inculcated by this powerful persuasive to industry in gathering the rich fruits of knowledge, is now taught by the most delightful and insinuating arts and devices. The chilling order to "study your book," must, we presume, have fallen into desuetude, for elementary books of all kinds are now made so intelligible and attractive that there can be no necessity for urging to their use.

What a change! A noun, which in former days we sally abused in coupling it with matters of which we "had no notion"—a verb, which then appeared to us so truly defined as implying the connotations "to be," "to do," and "to suffer"—how have ye been clothed in beautiful garments by recent inductive grammarians, and the enmity between your innocent selves and the minds of ingenious childhood been banished forever obliterated!

"The art of computing by numbers"—the tailsums of which rendered a slate hateful for all purposes except to cut letters and draw pictures—this too has felt the hand of improvement, and youthful calculators may bless the march of intellect. Some of the new works for teaching the elements of arithmetic we have already noticed. This week has placed before us another, which appears well deserving of commendation. It is the "North American Arithmetic, part Second, &c. by Frederick Emerson, late principal in the department of Arithmetic, Boylston School, Boston." The analytical method of teaching is the foundation of the work, and its principles are illustrated by visible representations. The utility of this struck us particularly in the case of Fractions—once a fearful point in the studies of boyhood—where the natural difficulties were not at all diminished by the unintelligible Latin terms employed by mathematicians to designate the relations of their parts; a plan necessarily perhaps, and with some advantages, adopted in the whole nomenclature of Arithmetic, and now at least inextricably interwoven with it; but to the proper comprehension of which some maturity and not a little explanation is commonly required. An essay path to this rugged ascent is a boon which should be gratefully acknowledged.—*ib.*

THE CLIFF-STREET ACCIDENT.

The desolating and deplorable accident, announced by us last week in a hasty post-script, and of which an ample history is furnished in our columns to-day, has deservedly engrossed a large share of the public attention since its occurrence, and created a deep interest in the circumstances by which this event was marked. The first suggestion to every mind, on hearing the catastrophe, was to ascertain who were the victims of this sudden and appalling stroke; and the first impulse of all to put forth the most active exertion to rescue any who might be yet alive in the ruins, and to secure for the only remaining offices of friendship, those whom death had so fearfully and suddenly arrested. Night soon closed upon the distressing scene, when an intensity of mournful interest was imparted to the glare of torches and the illumination of the surrounding edifices to enable the citizens to proceed without delay in the melancholy duty they had undertaken. By their active efforts several persons were in a few hours liberated from their confinement in the fallen mass; and it was not until long past mid-night, and when no hope remained that any others could be extricated alive, that the labour was intermitted. On the following morning it was renewed, with the disheartening object of discovering the remains of those who had perished, and ascertaining the extent of the calamity in the loss of human life. Several bodies were soon removed, among which were recognized those of Mr. Goddard, the principal bookkeeper of the house, and Mr. Stokes, confidential clerk; the latter was dead, still holding his pen—an affecting spectacle. The search was continued until Tuesday, when the whole of the enormous pile of goods and rubbish had been explored, and the former chiefly removed to new places of deposit. The results of the examination are fully stated in another place. On the Sabbath, in many of the churches, the solemn reflections which the dispensation was so well calculated to ex-

cite, were forcibly adverted to; and in one we were struck with the impressive application given to the words of the Apostle, "Go to, now, ye that say To-day or to-morrow, we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell and get gain; whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away."

Mr. Goddard and Mr. Stokes were extensively known and greatly esteemed in this community, and deep and sincere is the lamentation that their fate has occasioned. Besides the more ordinary consequences of a painful nature, there are the agonizing sorrows of those bereaved of their nearest relatives, or suffering the pangs of blighted hope in their tenderest affections; there are vain and ineffectual regrets that the disastrous occurrence was not foreseen, and its fatal results avoided; and there are, doubtless, keen self-reproaches, however faultless they may be, in the minds of all those in any way concerned in the preparations that thus unexpectedly destroyed so large an amount of property, and involved the instantaneous sacrifice of so many valuable lives. The only consolation in their affliction to the friends of the deceased is the high character and enviable reputation they have left behind them, and the universal regrets expressed at their awful and untimely deaths.—*ib.*

ANECDOTES OF THE PERSIAN COURT.

We have the following in the *Tour of a German Prince*.

At the Duke of Clarence's in the evening, I made the acquaintance of a very interesting man—Sir Gore Ouseley, late Ambassador to Persia, who was accompanied by Mr. Morier, the author of *Hadji Bala*, as his secretary of legation. I must tell you two or three characteristic anecdotes of that country which I heard from him.

The present Shah was held in such a state of dependence by his Prime Minister, Ibrahim Khan, who had placed him on the throne while yet a child, that he had little more than the name of a ruler. It was impossible for him to make any resistance, since every province or city throughout the empire was governed, without exception, by relations or creatures of the minister. At length the Shah determined to withdraw himself, at all risks, from such a bondage, and devised the following energetic means, which bear the genuine stamp of Oriental character. According to the ancient institutions of the country, there exists a class of soldiers, thinly scattered through all the principal towns, called the King's Guard. These obey no order that does not proceed immediately from the King himself, and bear his own private signet.—this guard had thus remained the only body independent of the minister, and the sole sure support of the throne. The King now secretly despatched orders, written by his own hand, to the chief of this faithful band, requiring them on a particular day and hour to put to death all Ibrahim's relations, throughout the kingdom. On the appointed day the Shah held a Divan, sought to bring on a dispute with Ibrahim, and when the latter assumed his usual lofty tone, commanded him immediately to retire to the state prison. The minister smiled, and replied, "that he would go, but that the King would be pleased to consider that the governor of every one of his provinces would call him to account for this act." "Not now, friend Ibrahim," exclaimed the King, gaily—"not now." Then drawing out his English watch, and casting a withering glance at the perplexed minister, he coolly added, "at this minute the last of your blood has ceased to breathe, and you will soon follow." And so it happened.

The second anecdote shows, that the Shah acts on the principle of the French song, which says, "quand on a depeuple la terre, il faut la repeupler apres."

At Sir Gore's audience of leave, he begged the Shah graciously to tell him what was the number of his children, that he might give his own monarch correct information on so interesting a subject, provided, as was probable, he should make an inquiry. "A hundred and fifty-four sons," replied the Shah. "May I venture to ask your Majesty how many children?" The world daughters, according to the rules of Oriental etiquette, he dared not to pronounce, and indeed the general question was, according to Persian notions, almost an offence. The King, however, who liked Sir Gore very much, did not take it ill. "Ha, ha: I understand you," said he laughing; and called to the chief of his eunuchs, "Musa, how many daughters have I?" "King of Kings," answered Musa, prostrating himself on his face, "five hundred and sixty."

SPEECH OF MR. SHEIL.

BEFORE THE ST. PATRICK'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

Mr. Sheil said, "that it of necessity devolved on him to return thanks for the Irish Bar—there was no other Irish barrister present. He lamented that there were so many absentees of so many kinds. (Loud cheers.) It did so happen, by mere accident, that there was not a single man in office present at the meeting. But allowance was to be made for them—they were of course engaged in deep Ministerial deliberation for the good of Ireland; they were not employed in official computations—that was impossible. But, abstracted from all disturbing convivialities, they were revolving in their minds the means of conferring peace upon Ireland. There were three incidents to the assembly which struck him—there was a spectacle of English benevolence, of Irish gratitude, and (strange pheno-

menon) of Irish concord. English benevolence was the nurse of Irish childhood. (Cheers.) Misery and depravity would rock its cradle but that the spirit of British mercy ran in, and snatched the Irish infant from their inauspicious care. Here, too, was English benevolence exhibited in its best and noblest form. The noble Duke had said that he recollected Ireland—let him be assured that the remembrance is mutual—Ireland did not forget him. (Cheers.) If he recollected the natural cordiality and enthusiasm which characterized Ireland, Ireland never should forget that happy combination of dignity and of affability by which he was distinguished—and that charity which had a hand as open as its means were large, and whose acts of goodness were to be enumerated by an almanac of benevolence, and counted by the days of the year. (Cheers.) Associated with the noble Duke was one, his consort in compassion, his partner in sympathy, a noble and generous woman, whom he should refrain from praising, because too rude a panegyric was apt to wear off the enamel from a woman's name. (Loud cheers.) Nor was the Duke of Northumberland alone. Beside him were his associates. There was a gentleman, a clergyman, who proved himself a Christian in the true sense of that term—whom it was impossible to know and not esteem; and there was another, a soldier, of as frank and gallant a spirit as ever drew his sword in the cause of his country, from whom he (Mr. Sheil) differed in politics, but whose manliness of character, unaffected kindness, and integrity of conduct won for him the applause of those who were most reluctant to give it; need he name Sir Henry Hardinge? (Loud cheering.) He had stated that Irish gratitude attended on British benevolence. He had observed, when the group of children were passing in their customary procession before the noble Duke, that a little boy with a ruddy face and beaming eyes—yes, beaming with thankfulness—in paying his humble and untutored courtesy to the noble Duke, as he bent, and pulled his hair, looked fully upon him, and that there was an exchange of regard between the child and the noble Chairman; the latter had smiled with the consciousness of having done a good action, which is so full of true moral luxury. (Loud cheers.) For his splendid donation, in that encounter of the eyes of this little boy, the noble chairman was repaid. (Loud cheers.) He had said that a third incident to this meeting was Irish concord. There were men of all feelings and of all parties. It is possible then, that we can meet without dissension. May the time arrive when the fierce passions of Irishmen, running with a turbulent force, may meet in tranquility, and after having chafed, and foamed, and spread a temporary devastation, may flow into a profound and untroubled confluence." (Loud cheering.)

FRENCH INSTRUCTIONS RELATIVE TO THE CHOLERA.

Observe the strictest cleanliness both in person and dwellings. Avoid all chances of being chilled, and keep the body warm, particularly the stomach, loins and feet. Avoid placing the feet upon the cold floor. Workmen obliged to work in cold or damp places will do well to wear wooden shoes or clogs. Abstain from sleeping with the windows open. Return home at an early hour, in order to avoid the cold and damp of the night air. Avoid as much as possible excessive fatigue. Whatever may be the weather or the season, do not go too lightly clad. Sobriety cannot be too strongly recommended; consequently avoid all excess of eating and drinking, for it has been observed that drunkards and debauchees have been most exposed to the attacks of the Cholera. Let your food be principally meat and meat soups; eat as little as possible of *charcuterie* and salt meats, and abstain entirely from heavy pastry. Abstain from undressed food of every description. All cold drinks taken when a person is heated, are at all times dangerous. The water used as a beverage ought to be clear. Filtered water is better than any other. Instead of drinking it pure, it will be better to mix in it two teaspoonfuls of brandy or absinthe to a pint. Water lightly mixed with wine is equally good. The excessive use of strong liquors is very pernicious, and taking unripened brandy when fasting is equally so. Persons who have contracted the habit of doing so, should at least, first eat a piece of bread. The same objections apply to drinking white wine fasting. All beer and cider of bad quality ought to be avoided.

Every person who feels himself suddenly affected by dull pains in the limbs, heaviness or giddiness of the head, a feeling of oppression, numbness about the chest, heartburn, or cholice, should immediately apply to a physician, or the next Bureau de Secours. Persons thus affected, should immediately go to bed, and take, quite hot, an infusion of peppermint and flowers of the lime tree, and heat himself by every possible means. Prepared chloric solutions being universally recommended as a useful precaution against infection of any kind, it may be desirable to give the following simple receipt for making them. Take one ounce of dry chlorate of lime, and one quart of water; pour a sufficient quantity on the powder to make it into paste, and then dilute it with the remainder, strain off the solution, and keep it in glass or earthen vessels well stoppered; a portion of this solution should be poured into a shallow bowl, and placed in every room in the house. The chlorate of soda is nearly as good; it is to be used in the same manner, in the proportion of one ounce of chlorate to ten or twelve ounces of water.

The Prefect of Police requests all proprietors of houses, all the physicians, and the inhabitants of the

capital to make him immediately acquainted with all the cases of the Cholera that may come within their knowledge, specifying correctly the name, age, sex, profession, and abode of the persons attacked by the disease.

(Signed) "The Prefect of Police, GISARD." Approved—"The Minister of Commerce and Public Works, Count d'ARNOU."

The Cholera—The following extract from a London paper shows that there is a way of "turning every thing to some account."

On Thursday, a street beggar was brought before the magistrates for collecting a crowd in Paul street, to whom he was singing "a new song on the cholera morbus," in which that disease was rather quizzically referred to. We subjoin a specimen of two of the ballads, which is set to the tune of "Chevy Chase," we believe. "Good beef and beer" seems in the author's opinion, to be the grand remedy for the cholera.

They tell such tales our hearts to fear,
Of Cholera raging here and there,
But bread, pudding, good beef and beer
Will drive the Cholera Morbus,
But if the Morbus should appear,
Let none of us begin to fear,
But eat good beef and drink strong beer,
As a remedy for the Morbus.

We fear the following expectations will hardly be realized.

And when Reform our hearts doth cheer,
From tithes and taxes we'll get clear,
Then happiness, good beef and beer,
Will drive the Cholera Morbus.

ANECDOTE OF INDIAN WARFARE.

The Hon. Mr. Ewing, in a recent speech on the Pension Bill, before the Senate of the U. S. related the anecdote annexed.

"There were two rangers who had gone out together, but had afterwards separated. One of them went in search of a lick, and after finding it, lay within twenty or thirty yards of it. He had not been long there, when four Indians came to the lick, each with his rifle on his shoulder. The situation of the ranger was one which required equal promptitude of decision and action. He had but a moment for reflection. He took deliberate aim at one of the Indians, and fired. The other Indians instantly levelled their rifles at him, fired and missed him. He had calculated that they would fire under the trepidation of the momentary alarm, and the result shewed the accuracy of his calculation. They fired, and missed. But one of the Indians, with that rapidity of thought for which they are said to be celebrated, instantly caught up the rifle of the dead Indian, took a more steady aim, fired, and struck the powder-horn under the arm of the ranger, blowing it to pieces. The ranger himself escaped. But he does not ask the charity of Congress. He solicits not the recompense which seems to be so reluctantly given. That brave young man is now the Governor of Ohio.

DEATH OF GOETHE.—The Gazette of Weimar of the 22d March, contains the following notice:—"The fears which had arisen as to the indisposition of M. de Goethe, in consequence of a cold, have unfortunately been realized. Great debility, arising from his great age, (he was nearly 90) added to the disease, suddenly brought about a mortal crisis. This celebrated man breathed his last this morning, at eleven o'clock, when sitting in his arm chair. His death was tranquil, and without any pain. He preserved his presence of mind nearly to the last moment, which was immediately preceded by a lethargy, at the beginning of which a movement with his hand seemed to indicate that he wished to write. He had no presentiment of his approaching end, for he rejoiced in the coming of spring, and had ordered a number of new books. We learn that the mortal remains of the deceased will be deposited on Monday next in the Grand Ducal family vault, by the side of Schiller. For the last two years, since the death of his son, he languished, and was but the shadow of himself. Madame Goethe, his daughter-in-law, by her pious attention, contributed to render his latter end as happy as possible."

ELOPEMENT.

Within these last few days an account has appeared in the newspapers, of an elopement of a young lady from London with a gentleman, and of their being closely followed in a post-chaise and four by the lady's father and a police officer, and overtaken at Doncaster, on their road to Grimsby. The young lady in question is Miss Westley, a beautiful young girl, between 16 and 17 years of age, the only daughter of Mr. Westley, an eminent merchant in this city, residing at Streatham. The gallant Lothario is a Capt. Kelly, about 35 years of age, who has lately sold out of the army. The Captain is a dashing-looking fellow, and well known at most of the sporting-houses at the west end of the town. He is also noted for having fought several duels. The young lady, who will have a very handsome fortune, was on a visit to her brother, who resides at Notting-hill, at the time of the elopement. The gallant Captain had only a short acquaintance with the young lady. On overtaking the parties Mr. Westley took his daughter into a private room. The Captain's rage knew no bounds, and he insisted on entering also—a scuffle then ensued between the Constable and the Captain. The postillions and persons belonging to the house soon came up, and a scene ensued which beggars all description. The young lady, however, repented of the rash act she was about to commit, and was taken home by her

